

The Marines on Teapot Dome

The Nation

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Zangwill

US.

Chaim Weizmann

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A Statement by His Successor, A. I. Rykov

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SO THE VIGOROUS, powerful, all-dominating President, Calvin Coolidge, has been defied by his own Attorney General. There seems to be no doubt whatever that Mr. Daugherty has declined to resign. Why the Jovian incumbent of the White House thus yields is not quite clear; there are those who think Mr. Daugherty has convinced him that he ought to be tried first, and others who believe that "Honest Cal" is terrified at the idea of what Mr. Daugherty and his friends might do to him in the Ohio and other primaries. Meanwhile the President has, to date of this writing, said nothing publicly about the revelations that the chief White House telegrapher ran the McLean private wire for three hours every evening; that a White House secret-service man is also in the McLean entanglements; that his private secretary was freely entertained by the McLeans when in Florida, together with Mr. Fall, and has called on them since; that a secret code of the Department of Justice was used for transmitting McLean messages, and that a Burns employee was tipping off Mr. McLean as to happenings within the Department of Justice. In this connection Edward G. Lowry, writing in the *New Republic*, declares that visitors to the White House have not

found the cool, austere man of legend in full command of himself and all his resources, resolute and alert to meet and subdue any large emergency. They have found instead a rather huddled-up little figure, much dismayed, wondering and asking what he should do.

No, the chances that Mr. Coolidge will succeed himself as President of the United States are rapidly waning.

WILLIAM J. BURNS and A. Mitchell Palmer—somehow it seems rather natural that their names should have come into the oil scandals. Not that their integrity is besmirched. Mr. Palmer was quite within his rights in accepting a retainer from Edward B. McLean. But we agree with the *New York World* that he must none the less be placed among those who sold their political and party reputations. Mr. Palmer was retained, we venture to guess, simply and solely because he, a former Democratic Attorney General, was expected to influence Senator Walsh to have Mr. McLean "let down easily." Mr. Burns's involvement is far more serious. His secret code was used in transmitting messages to Mr. McLean; one of his employees was in cahoots with Mr. McLean; and the charge is made that some of Mr. Burns's agents have been shadowing the members of the Oil Committee who really mean business. Mr. Burns is on the stand as these lines are written; hence we are unable to record his defense. We cannot, however, see how he can wholly exculpate himself. Curious how often such superpatriots are caught in unpleasant situations! People who so violently assail those of different points of view, like the "Reds," and who misuse their official powers to persecute them as have Messrs. Palmer and Burns, ought themselves to be suspect at all times.

FEDERAL TAX REDUCTION is coming—the politicians will see to that. Nothing sounds better than tax reduction—in New York State the Democratic Governor and the Republican Legislature have united on a 25 per cent cut. But it is a little amusing to find newspapers owned by millionaires proclaiming that the masses are crying for reduction of the surtax rate. We sometimes forget that the bulk of the residents of this country have incomes so low that they pay no income tax whatever. Less than seven million individuals report on taxable incomes, and less than 15 per cent of these, according to the *World Almanac*, report on incomes which might be subject to a surtax. The masses which clamor for a reduction of surtaxes are a very limited group indeed! The most serious complaint against high surtaxes is that they drive capital into tax-exempt securities, freeing them from any taxation whatever. We suspect that publication of the figures would show a far lower proportion of large incomes invested in "tax-exempts" than is commonly supposed; but in any case the remedy is to abolish the evil of such tax-free securities. The proposed constitutional amendment permitting federal taxation of State issues failed by a few votes to win the necessary two-thirds majority in the House; but the issue should not be forgotten. Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Hughes was governor of New York State, he opposed ratification of the federal income-tax amendment because of his fear that it might permit just such federal taxation of State issues; the obvious next step is for Congress to pass a measure taxing State bonds and let the courts pass upon its constitutionality. No two-thirds vote is needed for that.

BELGIUM'S REJECTION of the French treaty is a hopeful sign. Since the armistice Belgium has been fluttering weakly in the wind, a sort of helpless tail to the soaring kite of French diplomacy. Occasionally worried Belgian ministers have attempted to persuade French statesmen to moderation, but with little effect. Their hands were tied by a series of accords which included financial aid, commercial and industrial privileges, and political and military alliance. When England and Italy broke away from war-time bonds and refused to follow France in the invasion of the Ruhr, little Belgium rather unwillingly followed in the military wake of France. Now the Belgian Chamber of Deputies has, by a vote of 95 to 79, rejected the Franco-Belgian economic conventions, forcing the Theunis Government, which sponsored them, to resign, and, apparently, destroying one of the main props of the French imperialist dream. But Belgium may have to go through another election before she can settle upon a new policy, and it is by no means certain that the anti-French bloc in the Belgian Parliament is permanent.

LUDENDORFF'S TRIAL, in which the officials show themselves almost deferential to the old warrior who tried to overthrow the German Republic, betraying anxiety only lest some hostile demonstrator raise his voice, reveals once more the backward swing of the pendulum in Germany. Chaos and hunger have left fear and anger the dominant emotions. Men hope for little more than to live and eat. The spiritual impulses fostered by the 1918 revolution have lost their strength. Labor has lost the economic gains it made in 1918-19; the Social Democratic forces have almost abdicated; the Reichstag is less potent than in the Kaiser's day, and a dictatorship of big-business rules. Thuringia's and Saxony's elections show the rush to extremes. The liberal center parties are losing strength; the Communists are winning over the Socialist masses, and the middle-class groups are turning more and more reactionary—and on occasion Communist and monarchist find it possible to join hands in their common hate of the power of foreign finance. The mark shows signs of wobbling once more, and a weary people seems ready to promise almost anything to General Dawes and his fellow-experts if only they can produce a magic key to economic productivity.

"FILIPINO FANATICS kill nine troopers" the newspapers cry out in indignant headlines, and then add in mild, conversational-size type that "the Colorums lost 35 killed and scores were wounded." A cable from General Wood, dated January 10, reported that 18 constabulary police had been killed while "pacifying" the "fanatics" in Moroland; two days later further dispatches disclosed that more than four times as many Colorums had died in this clash. On January 28 the papers announced that 54 Moros had been killed, 19 wounded, and 13 captured, while only two insular police were wounded. A week later the captain of an inter-island steamer brought the estimate of 54 Moros slain up to 800. Finally the War Department indicated a doubt concerning "the published report that 1,800 Colorum fanatics have been killed by the Philippine Constabulary since the first battle a few weeks ago." Meanwhile the Philippine Press Bureau at Washington says:

The Colorum disturbance hardly calls for the employment of rigorous measures, because they are armed only with bolos, with a few exceptions. The use of barrage

from the United States gunboat is considered ridiculous here, while the burning of the houses was attacked by Senator Clarin on the floor of the Senate as altogether cruel and inhuman. . . . Before the present administration under Governor General Wood was inaugurated and during the entire administration of Governor General Harrison, there was not a single disturbance in Moroland.

Such frankness has had its immediate result. The Press Bureau, as well as the Independence Commission, is suddenly stranded for funds; the Insular Auditor, an appointee of General Wood, has discovered doubts of the "constitutionality" of their appropriations for four years past. But, we are glad to add, the House Committee on Insular Affairs has just voted to report a bill for Filipino independence.

JOHAN W. WEEKS, former member of Hornblower and Weeks, stockbrokers, is also Secretary of War of the United States. According to the *New York World* Mr. Weeks, speaking as Secretary of War, says, apropos of the Philippines, that "complete independence cannot be given the islands until its bond issues have been fully protected." The last government issue, the *World* adds, extends for twenty-nine more years. Apparently promises of independence made in the name of the American people, desire for self-determination, fitness for self-government count for nothing with Mr. Weeks; the bonds must be safeguarded, and they have twenty-nine years to run.

AERICAN MARINES on duty at the capital of Nicaragua have been ordered to the Honduran frontier, where they "will guard Americans and American property on the Nicaraguan side of the border," says another Washington dispatch. Still another reports more American troops landed at Ceiba "to guard the Consulate." From Nicaragua comes the news that the marines on the border are not only guarding Americans, but are "searching for arms and preventing gun-running." A curious reader might wonder how American marines came to be stationed in the capital of Nicaragua. The answer was told in *The Nation* for June 7, 1922. American marines have been in Managua ever since 1912, and they landed on precisely such pretexts as are now being given for the landing in Honduras. They killed some thousands of Nicaraguans, lost a few men themselves, and installed a puppet government which has ever since been under the thumb of New York bankers. With the record of 1912 in mind, not forgetting Secretary Weeks's remarks about Philippine bonds, one may be pardoned for being suspicious about our invasion of Honduras. Are we adding Honduras to Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua in the list of our crushed colonies?

THREE THOUSAND PERSONS stormed the Commercial Hotel at Waukesha, Wisconsin, put out the lights, smashed windows, broke doors, and disbanded an attempted Ku Klux Klan organization meeting. The Klansmen escaped to the second floor of the hotel, where they remained at bay two hours until rescued by policemen from Milwaukee. In Boston the city authorities made good their threat to break up Klan meetings on private property when they raided the Caledonian Building and ordered 150 persons out of the hall. This is succumbing to Klanism. The lawlessness of the hooded order is not to be cured by more lawlessness, official or unofficial. Nor are "strong measures" necessary. The Klan is already disintegrating. On the

Western coast the Seattle branch is divided into two opposing camps, 300 indignant Klansmen meeting to protest against the high fees and salaries paid the grand dragon, his exalted cyclops, the klokard, and the kligrapp. The Muncie, Indiana, Klan, in a State reputed to be the present center of strength of the organization, has bolted the national organization, "a privately owned concern . . . used for personal gain," and called upon Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan to join in a new order, "Nobles of the Klan of the North." The mother Klan at Atlanta has gathered the insurgents from twelve States to form the "Knights of the Mystic Clan," and virtuously denounces the national organization as a "menace to the integrity of the nation," while William J. Simmons, disavowed founder of the Klan, has formed the "Hidden Hosts, Knights of the Flaming Sword."

Be it Resolved, That it be the policy of the National Negro Press Association, in its efforts to husband strength in and further the industrial destinies of our people, that we as vendors of news will discourage and discredit all forms of unionism and economic radicalism.—From a resolution adopted at Nashville, Tennessee, February 21, 1924.

FORTUNATELY FOR THE NEGRO the National Negro Press Association is not representative of the entire press of the race. For to oppose unionism among Negroes is to advocate a form of economic race suicide. The American Negro belongs by compulsion to the working class, and the color of his skin wins him preference from his employer only if it means that he will work for a lower wage. The open-shop employers in the North who encourage Negro labor do so because for the present it is unorganized and therefore cheap. The Negro can fortify his industrial position only by alliance with his white fellow-workers. That has not always been easy; but the bars are falling. The American Federation of Labor has officially indorsed the policy of organizing colored workers on an equal basis with white, and some unions, like the Moulders, are justly proud of their record of no race discrimination. The Negroes, too, are learning the old American lesson that in union is strength. The extraordinary "Negro Sanhedrin" recently held at Chicago was one symptom of the growing race consciousness; the resolution advocating unionization which almost passed that conference, made up largely of conservative Negro organizations, was another sign of progress.

CARL C. MAGEE has made and is making a brave fight against heavy odds in New Mexico. We have commented before on the extraordinary legal and illegal difficulties put in his way. When his Albuquerque paper was boycotted and undermined financially he was forced to sell; after refusing to sell to Bonfils and to Hearst interests he finally sold to local interests which were, unknown to him, affiliated with a Chicago bank under Standard Oil control. The paper purchased, its attacks upon the oil interests naturally ceased. Mr. Magee, however, was undaunted; he founded another paper and continued his attacks. Two weeks ago, in commenting upon the exposures of press venality made in Washington, we referred to the purchase of Mr. Magee's former paper as an example. We intended no reflection upon Mr. Magee but rather upon the financial power that bought the silence of the Albuquerque *Journal*; unfortunately he misunderstood our comment and broadcasted a denunciation of us for something which we had never said.

DR. ALEXANDER FICHANDLER, principal of Public School 189 in Brooklyn, New York, and director of education for the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, is an unusual candidate for a district school superintendency. It is natural that politicians accustomed to award educational positions for political service should look askance at a man who "never took up a question of school policy without thrashing it out thoroughly with his teachers," who never permitted youngsters "to become heroes through misbehavior—by the simple device of bringing the culprit before the unofficial jury of his classmates." Dr. Fichandler was long principal of one of the largest public schools in the Brownsville and East New York districts, which have an immigrant wage-earning population of almost 200,000, whose confidence he won to such a degree that virtually all the labor and liberal forces as well as business, religious, and social organizations in the community are spontaneously backing one man to "represent" them on the Board of Superintendents. Only the Brooklyn *Eagle* cautiously intimates disagreement on the ground that "Mr. Fichandler during the war was severely criticized for acts said to be radical and inimical to patriotism," meaning that he refused to subject the minds of children to the general hysteria. Workers' education might well feel that it had reached its majority if the Board of Education and the Board of Superintendents should recognize this educator's pioneer work rather than mere political services.

IN THE GREAT HALL of Cooper Union men of many nationalities and many beliefs have spoken. It was there that Lincoln, the hero of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, established a respectable ancestry for the radical group then known as the Republican Party. There too Mark Twain, "the wild humorist of the Pacific slope," in his lecture on the Sandwich Islands, first introduced the East to his particular brand of humor. It is there that the People's Institute, a unique educational enterprise in this country, has grown up. Under the singularly successful direction of Everett Dean Martin, audiences drawn largely from the working classes gather to hear lectures on psychology, philosophy, and social science, and stay afterward for pointed, lively, and relevant discussions. In order that some of the stimulation and life of these meetings may be turned into the more obvious permanency of print, the Institute has begun pamphlet publication of some of its important lectures.

FOUR OF MR. MARTIN'S own lectures, which are addressed to the largest class in philosophy and psychology in the world, have already appeared and are being widely distributed. They are models of popular exposition—soundness of thought and thoroughness of fact distilled in captivating and fool-proof simplicity. Their clarity of outline and civilization of interest put them completely out of the class of mere vulgarization of knowledge. "Psychology, What Psychology Really Is, Its Uses and Abuses," makes an admirable and just survey of the typical methods and the hoped-for fruits of recent inquiry in a much-abused field. "Psychology and Physiology" is an adroit translation of involved technical material into food whose nutritive value is not lost in the process of being made digestible. These lectures are hopeful signs that things of depth and significance can be made to reach thousands through the arts of simplicity and scholarship and grace.

Congress, Inquisitor

INQUIRIES galore! They are the order of the day in Washington, so much so that it is not surprising to learn that, beyond passing tax, immigration, and bonus bills, and the routine appropriations, Congress is not likely to achieve anything before it adjourns for the campaign. Probably never in the history of Congress have there been so many inquiries, all of them justified, and most of them bound to produce results of extraordinary value to the public, with the most far-reaching political consequences. Indeed, when one scans the list of these inquiries and recalls how much work is required of our legislators in their regular committees, one wonders how a Representative or a Senator can possibly keep up with it. We can readily understand a newly chosen Senator's remark the other day that he needed eight secretaries instead of his present three, and that even with those he doubted whether he could possibly inform himself adequately for his legislative duties and keep abreast of his non-legislative tasks. Yet it is obvious that some of these committee inquiries are far more important for the public weal than anything that can be accomplished this year in the way of new laws.

The list of the inquiries already under way is formidable. The Senate has committees at work upon the oil leases and Attorney General Daugherty, the Bok peace-prize contest and evidences of propaganda for reduced taxation and the bonus, the question of the recognition of Russia, the Alien Property Custodian, the conduct of the Philippine Government under General Wood, the Veterans' Bureau, the fertilizer industry, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the question of academic "diploma mills"; and is proposing to probe the aircraft scandals and the Shipping Board. The contest over the election of Senator Mayfield of Texas, while in a sense a routine matter, is likely to arouse nation-wide interest since it brings up the whole question of the Ku Klux in politics. The House, too, has its investigations, one of which is into the charge that a member of the Tariff Commission is through his family affiliated with the sugar industry. The Senate is also inquiring into the allegation that the Treasury juggled the figures as to the cost of the bonus; Senator La Follette is pressing for an inquiry into the transfer of the Alaskan coal reserve, and Senator Owen has proposed his inquiry—so vitally needed—into the origins of the war. Not to be outdone, President Coolidge is urging an inquiry into land grants, especially those of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and a joint committee will probably be appointed by House and Senate for this purpose. Nor is the end there, for new suggestions and requests for investigations come up almost every day.

Now this is, of course, not a new development of the functions of Congress; it is significant, however, because of the multitude of the inquiries under way, and because most of these investigations are into the activities of the executive branch of the government. Congress has recently come into the position of being militant defender of the public against acts of malfeasance on the part of the Executive. We have had many treatises on the dangerous encroachments by Congress upon the rights of the Executive—James Bryce devotes several pages to it—but in neither Bryce nor De Tocqueville is there any comment upon

the power of Congress through its committees to keep watch over an executive and to reveal to the country at large the malfeasance of any of that executive's appointees. In the Ballinger case the congressional inquiry into what happened in the Interior Department under Mr. Taft wrecked that administration. If history is repeating itself now it is doing so in a way to bring home to the people a hundred times more vividly than ever before the service that Congress is always capable of rendering by the use of its powers to investigate the acts of officials. And if Congress should now go on and really investigate the prohibition-enforcement branch of the government and reveal the endless corruption there existing it would still further serve the country. For there is no doubt that that service is honeycombed with rottenness; that hundreds of law-enforcement agents are in league with the bootleggers and that this form of corruption runs through all official classes. If we are to have honest enforcement of the prohibition law such an inquiry of the present situation seems inevitable.

The use of parliamentary committees for such purposes is not altogether unknown abroad, but in England the great services of the parliamentary commissions constantly being appointed has been more constructive than inquisitorial. To some of the reports of these commissions the whole world owes a body of learning and of information of inestimable value. Few of our many inquiries have achieved as much in assembling facts and proposing solutions. The difference in purpose and procedure is, perhaps explained by the inquisitorial powers possessed year in and year out by Parliament itself. We refer, of course, to the question-hour, to the right of any member of Parliament to ask a question, however foolish, of the head of a department, and to have that question answered on the floor of the House, unless the department affected declines to respond for reasons of public safety. No happening of recent years has so reinforced *The Nation's* contention that we should lose no time in similarly making our Cabinet responsible to Congress as have these oil scandals.

What a barrage of questions Mr. Denby, Mr. Daugherty, and Mr. Fall might have been subjected to at the time of the leases by Senator La Follette and Senator Walsh! We are inclined to think that the mere knowledge that any dissenting Progressive could immediately have cross-examined any of these gentlemen on the floor of the Senate as to his motives and reasons for thus transferring the domain of the people to individuals for exploitation and private enrichment would have prevented the transfer from being made—certainly in the secret and underhand way in which it was. The risk would have been too great to run. Instead of that we have to get at the facts through a committee at great cost of time and money, with all the accompaniments of a sensational exposure of untrustworthy public servants and at the expense of the transaction of other necessary public business. But if the country insists upon electing men of the caliber of Harding and Coolidge to the Presidency we shall continue to need an inquisitorial Congress, and shall continue to thank our lucky stars that we have men seated therein with the courage to investigate and the power to do so, whether the party machines and the Executive approve or not.

MacDonald vs. Poincaré

CAN international issues be debated frankly in public, by the prime ministers of countries at odds with each other, without stirring national passions to irrational defense and attack? That is the strange attempt which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is making in his correspondence with M. Poincaré, and M. Poincaré has replied without animosity. It is enough to recall the bitter arguments which used to occur behind closed doors between Mr. Lloyd George and his French opponents—arguments always followed by mendacious public announcements that the two governments were “in perfect harmony”—to realize the advance made by the publication of Mr. MacDonald’s public criticism of French policy.

It has come about [says Mr. MacDonald] that people in this country regard with anxiety what appears to them to be the determination of France to ruin Germany and to dominate the Continent without consideration of our reasonable interests and the future consequence to a European settlement; that they feel apprehensive of the large military and aerial establishments maintained not only in eastern but also in western France; that they are disturbed by the interest shown by your Government in the military organization of the new states in Central Europe. . . .

These are strong words for diplomacy. In the stilted school of European politics such courteous frankness was wont to be the accompaniment of a brutal ultimatum; when statesmen intended to maintain friendly relations they talked and wrote as if they agreed upon everything. That avoidance of real issues never helped the cause of peace. We might even wish that Ramsay MacDonald’s letter was franker than it is. “It is widely felt in England,” he says, “that France is endeavoring to create a situation which gains for it what it failed to get during the Allied peace negotiations.” This is a little blind, but M. Poincaré understood it well enough. “No reasonable Frenchman,” he answered, “has ever dreamed of annexing a particle of German territory or of turning a single German into a French citizen.” One might deduce from this that M. Poincaré had come to regard those who have supported his policies as unreasonable; or one might conclude that he understood the technique of modern imperialism, which does not bother to go through the form of “annexation” and refuses to grant citizenship rights to those whom it subjects.

The gist of Mr. MacDonald’s argument is in this fine statement of two clashing philosophies:

The French people desire security, the British people cherish an identical ideal, but, whereas France conceives of security as security against Germany alone, the British Empire attributes to the words a far wider significance. What we desire is security against war. To my mind, the problem of security is not merely a French problem, it is a European problem, and one which interests alike England and Germany, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Jugoslavia, Russia and Rumania, Italy and Greece.

Those are profound words, worthy of a great statesman. *France will never have permanent security until Germany also is secure. No nation can be made secure by measures which, like all military measures, whether called “defensive” or not, threaten the security of other nations.*

To that argument M. Poincaré made no direct reply; he simply restated the French position in terms of French

particularism. France must have reparations and must have security, he said; her military and aerial establishments were exclusively defensive (the argument of Germany and of Russia before the war); she had made loans only “in exchange for positive pledges” from the allied nations of Central Europe; what was needed was a closer entente between France and England.

But the tone of the letter marked a real advance; if Mr. MacDonald and M. Poincaré publicly continue to debate courteously and frankly, and if the newspapers on both sides of the Channel will print their arguments, diplomacy may at last find public opinion in both countries ready to help it toward a settlement.

Toby, M.P.

THE “gaiety of nations”—whatever is left of it in these days—has not been eclipsed by the death of Sir Henry Lucy, but if he had been cut off in his prime the English people, at any rate, would have felt themselves to have lost an unfailing source of cheerful humor. The miracle of bringing forth sweetness out of the strong was rivaled when “Toby, M.P.,” distilled from the dulness of the House of Commons debates the sparkling draft of that *Essence of Parliament* which once a week revived the drooping spirits of readers of *Punch*. Lucy used to claim that he originated “lobbying” in the English sense of the word; that, as parliamentary representative of the *Daily News*, he was the first journalist to get into close personal contact with members and to glean from them material for comments on the political situation and for forecasts of impending events. But he will be most gratefully remembered as the writer of those genial and sprightly sketches of parliamentary proceedings in which he has had many imitators but no superiors.

Somehow, Lucy had discovered how to jump upon a man and leave him with a distinct sense of a favor conferred. Could anything be more cutting and yet less malevolent than this?

Disgusted alike with Whigs and Tories, Lord Stratheden and Campbell has formed a party of his own. Sometimes Stratheden is the leader and Campbell the follower. Sometimes Campbell leads and Stratheden is content to follow. But whichever peer is predominant, the unity of the party is never broken. Stratheden believes that since the days of Pitt there is no man who has a higher, clearer, and more patriotic notion of foreign policy than Campbell. Campbell, on his part, believes that, as far as home legislation is concerned, there is no man in Great Britain who for fulness of information, soundness of judgment, and readiness of resource equals Stratheden.

Whatever he might say about them, there were few British politicians who would not have preferred recognition by “Toby, M.P.,” in a pungent paragraph to eulogy in an editorial column of the *Times*. One of his practices was occasionally to put into the mouth of an M.P. some clever comment of his own, and there were beneficiaries of his who did not hesitate to profit by this kindly fiction. Lucy once told, for example, how Robert Lowe, when observing a deaf member get his ear-trumpet into position in order to listen to a tedious orator, remarked: “What a pity it is to see a man thus wasting his natural advantages!” It was the sort of thing that Lowe might have said, and Lowe has had the credit of it ever since, but the *bon mot* was really Lucy’s. One suspects, too, a similar origin for a story related by

Lucy of James Lowther, then Secretary for Ireland. There was an Irish member named Synan with an ear-piercing voice. "Where are you going?" someone asked Lowther, who was rushing out of the House immediately on Synan's rising to speak. "On to the terrace to hear Synan," was the reply.

In his forty years in the press gallery Lucy did a great deal more than provide a humorous section for the papers to which he contributed. He helped to make the political leaders of his day living figures, instead of mere dummies, in the public mind, and to quicken popular interest in parliamentary institutions. His influence in this direction was not confined to the British Isles. In the Princeton University Library a student happened one day to come across a series of parliamentary sketches in an English magazine, appearing over the signature, "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds." These papers first attracted and then fascinated him. They set him reading, thinking, and ultimately writing about the actual working of political systems. So it was Henry Lucy that gave Woodrow Wilson the impulse toward his life-work.

Toot! Toot!

OUR locomotive whistles are quite all wrong. At least a professor of physics in a university of the Middle West has reached the conclusion that the fairly low-pitched chime whistle that is usual on American railways is both ineffective and wasteful. A single high-pitched note would be better; also it should be placed in front of the locomotive instead of toward the rear, where the sound is checked and diverted by the smoke-stack and other paraphernalia.

With the second suggestion we have no quarrel, but we are prepared to break a lance or so in defense of the character of American locomotive whistles. The shrill, thin shriek for which the professor calls has long been familiar in Europe. Nothing else is heard on French or Belgian railways, and it is doubtless effective at short range or when not opposed by too much other sound. But unless physics has been reformed since we went to school a low note carries farther than a high one, and grade crossings—comparatively rare in Europe—are offensively common in America. They are indeed one of the chief reasons why every locomotive should have a good whistle, and to be effective for the purpose it ought to be hearable at least a mile away.

So far as waste goes, that aspect leaves us unmoved. It may be true, as the professor asserts, that American locomotives consumed 2,434,026 tons of coal a year just in tooting and that five million dollars might be saved annually by the adoption of shrill single-tone whistles. What of it? The saving would doubtless go into the pockets of stockholders who need the extra cash less than the whole country needs the romance and the music of the American locomotive whistle "as is." For say what you will—and admitting many exceptions—our locomotive whistles are both romantic and musical. One only needs to compare them with the harsh "Honk! Honk!" of the automobile to realize this. The original simple bulb horn was at least inoffensive; the bugle call that came later was beautiful; but the modern rasping honk sets on edge every musical response in one's body. We would not have such a transformation wrought in our locomotive whistles for all the coal

in America. We like, when we cannot sleep at night, to listen to these whistles at a distance, picturing the locomotives themselves roaring through the darkness, their headlights blazing the tracks in front, their smoke-stacks thrusting up a shower of sparks into the sky. We recall especially the whistle of the engines on the Seaboard Air Line—a wailing note, rising and falling into a faint diminuendo—like a bloodhound following a scent or a lost soul ranging through purgatory. Not that we have ever heard either a bloodhound or a lost soul, but both have stirred our imagination, and so have these whistles of the Seaboard engines as they floated up out of a valley in the South in the night time.

Yes, the whistle of the locomotive symbolizes for us much of the romance of the age of steam. Ardent believers as we are in the suppression of unnecessary noise, we look with complacent tolerance upon the whistle of the railway engine even when it is used—as it generally is—somewhat unnecessarily and indiscriminately. Perhaps it could be made more effective, but we regard the locomotive whistle as we do the religion of our grandmother—not wholly scientific or up to date, perhaps, but fitting in its place and by no means to be disturbed.

The Marines on Teapot Dome

HOW and why a handful of armed marines were sent to Wyoming to clear the Teapot Dome Naval Reserve of trespassers on lands later turned over to Harry F. Sinclair was told in some neglected testimony before the Senate Committee by Captain George K. Shuler, the marine captain in charge of the adventure. This officer has since been elected treasurer of the State of New York, a rather sudden rise for a young captain of marines. It has been reported within the last few days that the order for the expedition, transmitted through General Lejeune, came from Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt, whose brother Archie was even then in the employ of Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Shuler has stated that after his return to Washington he received letters of praise and thanks from Albert B. Fall and Theodore Roosevelt. His testimony follows:

Q. Are you the officer who had charge of the squad of marines that went out to the naval reserve in the State of Wyoming during that year?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Upon whose order or direction did you go?

A. I went upon orders of the major general commandant of the Marine Corps, General Lejeune. I had instructions from him to confer with the Secretary of the Interior before I left.

Q. I wish you would tell the committee about your interview with General Lejeune and subsequently with the Secretary of the Interior.

A. On the 29th of July, 1922, I was asked by my commanding officer if I wanted to make a trip out to Wyoming, and I told him yes. And this was on a Saturday afternoon, about 2 o'clock. And he said: "General Lejeune wants to see you." So I went up to headquarters and the general said he had a rather delicate mission, and he thought I could carry it out for him. And he said that the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall, was waiting over in his office and I should go over and talk to him. So I went right over. . . .

Q (interposing). Did General Lejeune tell you anything more in detail about the matter?

A. Not at that time. The general told me about the trip out to Casper, Wyoming, and he showed me where it was on a map,

and that is about all the conversation we had then. I went over to the Interior Building, and the Secretary was waiting there, and I went in, and he said: "I have got a job for some marines. We have a naval reservation out in Wyoming, the Salt Creek country, and there is an oil company that is going in there and they are trespassing; that is, they are drilling a well," and he says, "We know that they have no rights there," and that he had called on the Secretary of the Navy to detail some marines to go out and drive them off. And he said that he had taken the matter up with the President that morning and that the President did not want to take this action because an officer of the company that was trespassing was a close personal friend and contributed to the campaign fund. And Mr. Fall told me he had told the President that his friend was a low-down S.O.B., and Mr. Fall said that the President told him that he supposed he was all that when he sent him his check, and Mr. Fall said that he told the President, "Mr. President, by God, he was." But he said the President finally consented, and that was why the marines were to go out. He said: "What would you do if they served an injunction on you, signed by a federal judge?"

I said: "Mr. Secretary, I have never seen an injunction in my life, and wouldn't know one if I saw it, and if they served one on me I would file it."

He said: "I guess you will get along all right out there." And he said he had made arrangements for Mr. Ambrose of the Bureau of Mines to accompany me, and that he had sent for Ambrose and expected him every minute. About that time Mr. Ambrose came in, and Mr. Fall asked me how soon I could go. I said: "Why, I can go immediately, as soon as I get some money." And after conferring with Ambrose, who had some reports to make up before he left, we arranged to leave on the same train the next day; that was Sunday.

I went back to the Marine Corps headquarters and told General Lejeune what the Secretary had told me; that is, I didn't repeat everything, but I told him in substance about the injunction, and the general asked me how many men I wanted. I told him if we were going out there and fight the whole State of Wyoming we probably would have to take quite a few, but if there wasn't going to be any fight I would not need anybody.

He said: "Well, you better take four or five men, and you can have anyone you want." So I told him I would take four, and gave him the names of some men down at the barracks that had been in the war with me and that I knew quite well. And they issued orders there for me to go.

The rest of the conversation was in regard to details regarding the subsistence of the men, and routine matters that we always have to take up before we start out. Those were the directions that I received.

Q. And what did you do?

A. I left Washington Sunday evening with Mr. Ambrose and these four men. Ambrose told me on the train—I had orders from General Lejeune that Mr. Ambrose would give me fuller details as we traveled along. And I was a little curious, and I asked Ambrose what it was all about. He told me that the Secretary of the Interior had made an agreement with the Sinclair oil people that they go into this reservation and to drill and take the oil out for the Navy. They had their pipe lines in there and their refineries and everything, and it would be a considerable expense to the Navy Department to put in their own line, and it was a good, solid proposition. It looked good to me. I thought it was a sensible thing.

And we traveled along and we got out to Cheyenne. There we met Mr. McInerney and Mr. Burt and Mr. Tough of the Bureau of Mines. And we took a train from Cheyenne to Casper. We got to Casper, and we met a Mr. Patterson and Mr. Carnahan of the Bureau of Mines. I was told that Patterson would show me where these trespassers were. I had orders to know where these people were; they were stated by name in my orders.

And we got to Casper about 7:30 in the morning and the

Interior Department people had automobiles waiting for us. And we went out to the Salt Creek district, about forty miles. We got out there, and Mr. Patterson was driving the car I was in, and had two marines with me in the same car. He said: "There is your battlefield," and we got out of the car.

There was a rig up there, a drilling rig, operating, and they had built a barbed-wire fence around it; a fence about three or four feet high, inclosing about three-quarters or possibly an acre. The wire was new and bright; it had not been rained on, even. I went up to the fence and yelled out and asked where the boss was, and a man came over and said that he was Harry McDonnell, or O'Donnell. I said: "Do you represent the Mutual oil people?" He said he did. I said: "I am the commandant of this Navy district." I assumed that title, being the only representative of the Navy Department around there, and somebody had to be commandant, so I took the title. I said: "I have orders to stop the work in this part of the reservation." He says: "Well, I have orders to keep everybody outside of this fence." I said: "Well, I have orders here from the Secretary of the Navy that I think will supersede any orders you have." I said: "Do you realize that I am absolutely serious about this thing, and I am going to back up what I say?" He said "Yes." He looked at the marines; they had pistols and rifles and belts full of ammunition, and everything that goes with it. He said he thought we meant business. I said: "You have got to stop drilling." He said: "I can't give the order." I said: "Who is your boss driller?" So he called over a fellow named Harry Martin, and I said: "How long will it take you to stop this work?" He said: "Well, it all depends on what you want me to do."

Well, I hadn't had much experience in that line, so I conferred with Mr. Tough and Mr. McInerney and Ambrose, and they told me to write some orders that they told me would be sufficient to close up the rig. So I wrote them out and signed that as commandant of the Naval Oil Reservation No. 3, I think it was.

I said: "How long is it going to take you to carry that out?" He said: "Five minutes." I said: "I will give you ten."

So he went right in and stopped the rig from working, and Mr. Tough gave me a government seal, and Mr. Tough and I placed the seal on the line, and I was told by the Bureau of Mines representative that that seal was absolutely sacred; it was a government seal, and no one would disturb it. About that time the field superintendent of the Mutual Oil Company came along, and I told him what I had done. He was rather peeved, but wanted to know if he could take the small tools and things that might be stolen if they shut down. I told him he could take anything he wanted, just so he left the ground. So he got a truck and they started taking off the small stuff. And he wanted to know where we were going to eat. I told him we hadn't thought about that up to that time. He said: "Well, you better come over and have lunch with me." So we all did.

And I made arrangements with the Fenceland Oil Company that had a place right there to take these four men and give them their meals. And along the next day the superintendent of the Mutual reported they had taken off all the small stuff. So I posted notices on the fence, "No trespassing," and we stayed around there two days longer.

Of course, I reported by telegraph as soon as the operation ceased there, according to the instructions given by the general of the Marine Corps. And I went up to Salt Creek and made my headquarters there, with the Bureau of Mines people. And about two days later I sent the men back from Casper and I reported by telegraph that I considered the duty completed, and I went down to Denver.

SENATOR WALSH. That is all.

That is the story of the United States Marine Corps at the service of Harry F. Sinclair, by order of Albert B. Fall and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Is Political Zionism Dead?

Yes

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(Ever since Israel Zangwill's famous speech in New York last fall, his opinions have been discussed by Jews and Gentiles the world over. In this article Mr. Zangwill presents his attack on the Zionist movement to readers of The Nation.)

THE Jewish problem lies now divided between Palestine and the Diaspora, and under the most favorable development of Palestine the scattered Jewries will long continue the overwhelmingly preponderant section as regards population. Palestine is a country little larger than Wales, from which French imperialism has already lopped off a northern slice, while Arab imperialism has robbed it of its extensibility eastwards; at the best it could barely shelter one-fourth of the sixteen million Jews of the Diaspora. Whether, therefore, the Jewish nationality, at present still permitted to evolve in Palestine, becomes the dominant influence upon the Diaspora, or vice versa, either a very little dog will wag a very large tail or a very large tail will wag a very little dog. It is true the situation may be modified if the Jewish republic now adumbrated in Russia, in the districts of Homel, Witebsk, and Minsk, really brings my own organization's ideal of an autonomous Jewish territory into being.

The picture of the Diaspora, mainly dark, comprises practically the whole globe. Jews are everywhere, and, though only 1 per cent of the population of the world, their finger is in every pie. But let me at once make the reservation that it is an individual finger thrust like little Jack Horner's into his Christmas pie for personal plums. Jewry is not a cosmos, but a chaos. The nearest approach to a unity is a unity of suffering over wide areas of Europe.

In every hell there is a lower deep; and starving Austrian anti-Semites talk gaily about what they call "tiger hunts." In Rumania the local Fascisti conspire and threaten to wipe out the whole Jewish population. In hapless Hungary, where economics seem at last to be teaching toleration, the Danube long was choked with Jewish corpses. In Poland it is unsafe for the Jew to enter a train, and the latest news from this beggar-on-horseback-among-countries is that any limited company has the right to refuse Jewish shareholders. Even in Turkey, land of immemorial Jewish toleration, the new Angora nationalism is reproducing all the economic chauvinism of Christendom; while a "Fascist" gang closes all Jewish shops on Friday, the Moslem Sabbath. "The Jewish National Home" itself is not free from pogroms. As recently as August 31 ten Jews were wounded at Tel-Joseph in an Arab affray. So far, the Jews of Japan have not been accused of the earthquake; but the ruin wrought by nature is less tragic than the ruin wrought by the hooligans of the Ukraine, where, in the grim language of the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, "150,000 human beings were bayoneted, bombed, buried alive, drowned, thrown alive into lime pits, and subjected to the most diabolical tortures that only a Dantesque imagination could conceive." All Eastern Europe, in fact, is

red with the trails of our bleeding fugitives. Mussolini demanded of Greece fifty million lire as compensation for a few murdered Italians. If we had the power to impose blood-money for our murdered, the financing of Palestine would become child's play.

National politics is the realm of might, and if, as Dr. Hertz warns us, the menace of massacre still lies over the whole Russian Jewry should the Soviet Government be overthrown, we must face the sad fact that Jewish might does not exist. We are like those children whose fate Thomas Hardy deplores in one of his novels, trailed helplessly hither and thither in the wake of drunken and improvident parents. Armed defense in the Ghettoes may do something to mitigate pogroms, but the only hope for the Jewish Diaspora, as for so many other racial minorities in the resurrected or parvenu countries created by the Treaty of Versailles, lies in the enforcement by the League of Nations of one of the few righteous sections of that treaty, the clause providing for the protection of minorities.

Sir Willoughby Dickinson, the president of the minorities' commission of the League of Nations Union, says that Great Britain regards the protection of the Jewish minorities as an especial aim. But this union has only moral power; and of political power the League of Nations itself has only a modicum. But however justifiable or practicable America may find isolation, it is otherwise with the Jews of the Diaspora, interlinked with every nation and doomed in every country to murder one another. No landless, faithless Jewry can maintain its being in the Diaspora unless so densely aggregated that it is almost on its own soil.

Of this species of nationalism, however, no pure example yet exists; it is only a tendency. New York's East Side comes nearest to it. But unless the East Side nationalists could be absolutely segregated from the general life in a close-barred Ghetto, they, and still more their children educated in the public schools, would be found responding to all the mass-emotions of the majority. So great is the power of place that not the most consuming passion for Palestine could swamp the influence of the actual seat of residence. It is that which molds the soul in the plastic years, and Russian and Rumanian Jews, even though Zionists and prosperous in other lands, have told me how acutely they suffer from the miseries and humiliations of Russia and Rumania, their whilom lands of persecution. A Jewish millionaire in Rumania has just left his estate of five and a half million dollars to Rumania; in the part of Rumania just annexed from Hungary a rabbi goes to prison for proclaiming himself a Magyar—while in Hungary itself the conversion of sixteen thousand Jews to Christianity in the last decade reveals rather their love of Hungary than of Christ. It is the American Jews from Lithuania that were the main factor in securing for their old home the port of Memel. And is it likely the American Jews from America will grow up less American?

Even as regards those East European aggregations where a "minority nationalism" is in order, it is foolish to imagine that any number of them could cohere in a political unity or that any one of them could be linked politically with Palestine. I believe that with the vanishing of the larger Zionist hope this sort of Diaspora national-

ism has disappeared. It was formally repudiated by Dr. Weizmann in a speech at Boston, but as even he cannot control the hot-heads or the muddle-heads of his movement, let me say here to any Diaspora nationalists that may happen to be in America that if they mean seriously that they are not merely sentimental sympathizers with the Palestinian Jewry, as Irish-Americans are with Ireland, but that they are actual subjects of the Jewish National Home, they must naturally give up their American citizenship and all rights save those appertaining to resident aliens; a status which when proposed by a Belloc they are the first to cry out against. The tragic humor of the situation is that the Jewish nationalists could not even register themselves as Jews; the only national label open to them according to the British Mandate, Article 7, reinforced by the White Paper, Clause 4, is "Palestinians," a label which they share with the Palestine Arabs and Christians.

Again, every acknowledged citizen of a state claims the protection of that state wherever he may be. But I cannot find in the British Mandate any obligation to safeguard self-proclaimed Palestinians in the Diaspora. Do they perhaps suppose the Arabs of Palestine will goad Britain to their rescue? But absentee patriotism is at best no admirable form of that virtue. The only way of being a Zionist is to be in Zion. There is to be no Jewish state in Palestine—only a development of the Jewish nationality previously existing in Palestine. That was formally laid down in the Churchill-Samuel White Paper, and as formally accepted by the Zionist leaders. My monition at the great Balfour meeting that Mount Zion in labor must not produce a mouse has been disregarded.

The whittling down of even the semi-Zionism conceded by the Balfour Declaration is the sole justification—apart from money drives—of the continuance of the Zionist organization in the Diaspora, but I fail to see how those who accept this White Paper or white-feather Zionism can continue to call themselves Zionists, unless they join the existing Jewish community in Palestine.

The world's contempt for the Jew is not wholly undeserved. A people, a faith, in so parlous a situation, lives not under peace conditions but under war conditions, and the standard of duty exacted from every Jew is not a peace standard but a war standard. How high that was you know from the summits of sacrifice to which American Jews, no less than American Christians, rose in the late war. To this war standard a small minority of Jews have lived up—or are now trying to live up. But even the faithful few have not done enough. As for the vast majority of Jews, there is not even a peace standard of communal obligation or solidarity. A traveler, Mr. J. Cohen Lask, lately returned from Poland, gives us a picture of Polish Jewry with its multiplicity of Bundists, Zeire-Zionists, Poale-Zionists, Communists, Volkists, Yiddishists, Agudists, and Mizrachists, culminating in a plague of Wonder-Rabbis, each with its own adherents—and Palestine is perhaps more split up than the Diaspora.

It is because Zionism which came to revitalize the Jew lost, like Christianity, its first rapture of sacrifice and sincerity, that it finds itself today in the dismal political situation which evoked at the recent Carlsbad Congress the belated resolutions against the Mandatory of Palestine. When at that congress the Polish Deputy, Grünebaum, declared

so passionately that autocracy must not reap what democracy has sown, he forgot that there was nothing for autocracy to reap except the possibility of more sowing. This sounds like an Irish bull, but indeed the whole debate had a farcical element, for the Agency possesses, under the Mandate, no political power whatever, and indeed is held by the Zionist organization only on governmental sufferance and on the express condition that it rally round it "all Jews who are willing to assist in the establishment of the Jewish National Home." For the Zionist Congress therefore to spend heated days discussing whether it should or should not share with others the power which it did not possess, and which even if it did possess it had no power of withholding from them, is a measure of the unreality to which Zionism is now reduced. The further protest of the Carlsbad Congress against the restriction of immigration brings to light another political flaw that may well be fatal. "Immigration," says the White Paper, "will not exceed the economic capacity of the country at the time to absorb new arrivals." But nobody really knows what is the absorbing capacity of a country. The protest of the real Zionist Congress—the one assembled at Tel-Aviv—shows that those on the spot feel that despite the unemployment there is room for more. But, as Moussa Kazim el Husseini, the chief of the Arab Opposition, observed with crushing logic in a letter to the *London Times*, "if Palestine is to be really a 'home' for the Jews, they must be masters there." A measure of autonomy is, you see, a *sine qua non* of colonization, indeed of any work, if it is not to be interrupted in the middle.

In the work of the Jewish Territorial Organization, which aimed at a Jewish National Home anywhere "on an autonomous basis," I was soon confronted with this problem. On the one hand, the self-styled practical men, who are the great bunglers of the world, shied at demanding autonomy. On the other hand, every country I approached boggled at conceding it to the Jews even when they possessed enormous unpeopled territories. Carlyle said the population of England was 30,000,000, mostly fools. I discovered the population of the world was 1,650,000,000, mostly dogs in the manger. Not that they would not part with the land; only Jews must turn into them. But coming down to bed-rock, my organization found that the absolute minimum of autonomy was the right to control one's immigration. Without that one was building upon sand, or on soil politically volcanic.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, when he was originally sent to spy out the land of Zion, before being created a knight and a governor, brought back the report that Lebanon, a district of the same character as Palestine, carried, per square mile, three times its population; and that therefore Zionism was a practicable policy. A more naive report was never made by a statesman of experience, and one can only suppose that this admirable ex-Home Secretary of a civilized country was, like the distinguished chemist, Weizmann, entirely out of his element in coping with politics in the rough, and countries in the making. He might as well have reported that Ireland, a country of the same general character as England, carried only a population one-sixth as dense, and that therefore a great Jewish colonization could be established in Ireland.

Though, as the *London Times* admits, in the stress and confusion of the war the right hand of the British Gov-

ernment did not always know what the left hand was giving away, and the same territory may have been promised to rival applicants, yet I am sure England did not issue the Balfour Declaration merely as a war maneuver, but sincerely meant to solve the Jewish problem by the establishment of a Jewish state. No, though the Balfour Declaration has been reduced to a scrap of White Paper, Balfour was unquestionably sincere. He had long toyed with the Jewish problem. If his statesman-like conception has been reduced to its lowest possible meaning, the blame lies first with the military administration of Palestine, brazenly overruling the home Government, and with our British permanent officialdom, whose function it is to curb the generous impulses of their transient and embarrassed chiefs, and to express the honorable indiscretions of ministers in language which does not so much conceal as cancel them. The fact that no Zionist protest was made at any point on the road to political ruin, combined with the feeble handling of the situation in Palestine itself by the Jewish Governor, precipitated the fiasco of political Zionism.

The truth is that there is a joint British-Jewish interest in Palestine, without which the officialdom of the Foreign Office would have strangled the Balfour Declaration even before birth; and this joint interest, as Herzl who loved England, admired her colonizing capacity, and placed his financial base in London perceived, was the best guaranty of Jewish renaissance in Palestine.

In some respects it might have been better had France and England frankly divided Syria between them as legitimate spoil of war, leaving the Jewish people, whose fate is bound up with the growth of world truth and world justice, unentangled with the ambiguous device of mandates and the dubious justice of peace treaties. There is, however, one surpassing advantage in being under the League of Nations and not nakedly under Britain—that it is a protection to non-British Jews living in such countries as are liable to come into clash with Britain. Imagine the situation of the mildest non-British Zionist in war time if he were supposed to be building up an enemy colony. That is why, imperfect as is the League of Nations, to Zionism it is indispensable. That is why Zionism cannot afford to become the blind and obsequious agent of any Power. At the same time it is unfair that Zionism shall fail to receive from the British Government, still less from our British yellow press, any acknowledgment that its presence is of value to Britain or even to world civilization.

I shall always remain persuaded that a Jewish state was possible at the moment when the Arab was a defeated enemy, liberated from the Turk and glad enough to take on any political impress; that by a policy of racial redistribution such as is now in operation between the Greeks and the Turks under the Treaty of Lausanne, combined with full compensation for expropriated land, the difficulty of making a home out of a territory in which we are only one out of every nine inhabitants and in which our total holding of the soil is still below 4 per cent, could have been largely removed. I shall always believe that at the critical moment the Zionist leadership failed in nerve and will-power. But the hour of destiny has passed. A great moment found, as Herzl had foreboded, a small people.

An expropriation policy, tolerable in the immense tragedy of the war, would be inadvisable today. Think of the world-jungle in which the little Jewry nestles. All countries civilized enough to have chemists and inventors

are busy preparing to destroy the remnants of civilization. We are menaced with the possibility of all life being driven underground. Lloyd George reminded us recently that there are ten million more men under arms in Europe than before the "war to end war." Both France and England have the right under their Mandates to raise local militia for the defense respectively of Syria and Palestine and, moreover, to use their ports and railways for the passage of their own troops and munitions of war. Who would throw a match into such a powder factory as the globe has become?

No, not only must all the forces of Israel be mobilized against "the next war," but we must forego our political hopes in Palestine rather than kindle a conflagration which may ravage the whole world. It is true, as even the White Paper concedes, the Carlsbad Congress may take its grievances to the League of Nations. But who believes either that the League of Nations has the power to coerce England or that England will abandon Palestine to the enterprise of France or the lethargy of the Arab? No, Dr. Weizmann has received the freedom of New York; he cannot obtain the freedom of Jerusalem.

Political Zionism is dead. All organizations cling to life, especially when they own funds. But humanity must not become a parasite on its own machinery, and the proudest will must sometimes acknowledge honorable defeat. The Arab race, with millions of square miles to draw on for its renaissance, has shown no spark of magnanimity, although Jewish love, Jewish medical assistance, and Jewish gold have been pouring almost recklessly in its direction. But the case of the Palestine Arabs must be conceded in so far as it is reasonable. By the Balfour Declaration they were promised no prejudice to their civil or religious rights. But as they had already enjoyed a parliamentary status under the tyrant Turk, their refusal to accept the proposed Crown Colony arrangement, their demand for a constitution in Palestine, though probably only an agitation engineered by a Christian minority and the intriguing agents of another Power, is not without some basis. There must be a conference between Arab and Jewish leaders to settle the conditions of peace.

Money must indeed be poured into Palestine, but it will be poured in to much better purpose when the representatives of all pro-Zionist parties have got together so as not to get in one another's way. The Palestine Government, too, must raise its promised loan to develop the resources of the country and Britain must at once, according to the terms of her Mandate, encourage "in cooperation with the Jewish Agency close settlement by Jews on the land, including state lands and waste lands not required for public purposes."

A world congress for our world affairs, Zionism included, would leave no excuse to any Jew of remaining unrepresented in it, unless his solution of the Jewish question was dissolution. The concerns of the Diaspora are all the more important because Zionism, which came to demolish it, has strengthened its foundations.

America stands at the parting of the ways, suffering from the same post-war tendency to violence as Europe, tending to take, as Europe has taken, the wrong turning. And if Europe has taken the wrong turning, it may be that the mission of the Jew is to help America to take the right one.

Zionism—Alive and Triumphant

By CHAIM WEIZMANN

(Dr. Weizmann is at present in the United States in the interests of the Zionist movement. He has chosen to make his answer to Mr. Zangwill in the form of a discussion of the hope that lies in the Zionist ideal and of the solid achievements of the Palestine colonists.)

OF all the concepts which are associated with the Jewish problem and the outstanding effort which is being made toward its solution, perhaps none has become involved in obscurer controversy than "political Zionism." So keen and even acrimonious have the debates become that the doctrine which this phrase inadequately represents has been torn out of its setting of history and reality, like a sentence wrenched out of its context, and has become a sort of *Ding an sich*, a self-inclosed system of ideas, or, better still, an incantation, capable of effecting a wonderful transformation in the relationship of Palestine to the Jewish people.

Yet political Zionism can no more be dissociated from practical affairs than law from natural process. For us there is only Zionism—and "cultural Zionism," "practical Zionism," "political Zionism" are only convenient figures of speech, arbitrary approaches or methods of discussion. To talk of political Zionism as something which the Zionist can either accept or deny is to talk of granting permission to two and two to make four. Political Zionism is not something outside of the process of building up a homeland in Palestine which may be added to that process or withheld from it. It is inherent in every step. Every affirmative act in the creation of a Jewish center in Palestine is political.

Political Zionism, in brief, is the creation of circumstances favorable to Jewish settlement in Palestine. The circumstance most favorable to Jewish settlement in Palestine is the existence of a Jewish settlement in Palestine. The larger the Jewish settlement the greater the ease with which it can be increased, the less the external opposition to its increase; the smaller the Jewish settlement in Palestine the more difficult its increase, the more obstinate the opposition.

One does not create political Zionism by affirming it, any more than one destroys it by denying it. Men who have never heard the phrase, and others who have combated it, have been political Zionists. Those first pioneers of nearly half a century ago, who went out to Palestine and founded the first modern colonies, who laid the foundations of the still small but flourishing Jewish settlement, were actually the founders of political Zionism. They built up positions, they furnished proof of the practicality of the scheme, they gave the most convincing demonstration of the will behind the demand; their work, whatever they intended, reached beyond the immediate achievement and beyond the Jewish people. The world respects the settlements in Palestine more than all the protestations of the Jews.

Those who believe, or who affect to believe, that some sort of system can be devised whereby Palestine can be "given" to the Jewish people are talking of a Zionism which is not political but metaphysical. A country is not a thing done up in a parcel and delivered on demand. England can no more "give" Palestine to the Jews than it can give them history or a culture. All that England can do—and is mak-

ing serious efforts to do—is to create conditions whereby the Jews cannot "take" Palestine but can grow into it again, by a natural and organic process.

England could not even give Palestine to the Jews if that country were entirely uninhabited. It could permit Jewish immigration "as of right and not on sufferance"—which is precisely what it is doing now. The rest is in the hands of the Jewish people. That Jewish immigration into Palestine should be recognized as being "of right and not on sufferance" is the triumph of political Zionism. The preamble to that part of the British Mandate over Palestine which says: "Whereas recognition has been given to the historical connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and to the grounds for reconstituting their National Home in that country," is the triumph of political Zionism. This recognition is not British alone, but is common to all the nations which combined to give the Mandate, and to America, which indorsed the essential part of the Mandate in a special resolution.

But the idea that England should "give" Palestine to the Jews is particularly crude and Utopian when it is linked up with the suggestion of expropriation or removal of the Arabs. Fortunately no such suggestion has ever come from a responsible Zionist leader. For apart from its inherent impracticality and immorality, the idea again betrays a complete dissociation from the realities of the situation. England would not commit such an act even if the Jewish people were to demand it. And the Jewish people would not demand it because it realizes that, in laying the foundations of its old-new home, it must not tolerate even a suspicion of faith in those vicious imperialist principles which have been the source of half its woes.

If there is any significance at all in the rebuilding of a Jewish homeland, it must be made evident first in the attitude of the Jewish people toward the nations in the midst of which that homeland is being built. Friendliness with the Arabs is not simply a matter of convenience or expedience; it is a cardinal doctrine; it is an essential part of the Jewish outlook, an aspect of the spiritual dream which the Jewish homeland is to embody. If we reject the vicious shifts and tricks of what is inaccurately called *Realpolitik* it is not only because of its essential stupidity and ineffectiveness, but because our entire history has been a living protest against it. To solve one problem by the creation of two others is a method which is not unapproved in the world of practical men. Perhaps it pays in the case of fly-by-night nations, though even most of these live long enough to witness the undoing of their practical wisdom. In the case of the Jews, who are, as it were, a permanent institution, there is a reputation to be cherished and maintained. Nor is Jewish-Arab cooperation a new concept. The ideal already has an illustrious history. It is not so long ago—as history, and particularly Jewish history, goes—that Jews and Arabs worked hand in hand from Granada to Bagdad in founding and spreading one of the most brilliant civilizations: when the rest of Europe was still steeped in the dark slumber of the Middle Ages, Spain, Mesopotamia, and Northern Africa were brightly illumined by a great Arab Jewish culture. That culture has never disappeared; it survived, transmuted and disguised, in the Renaissance to which it contributed generously; its unacknowledged issue today forms part of our Western civilization.

For I would make it clear that the primal appeal of the

Jewish homeland in Palestine is spiritual. Zionism cannot solve immediately, it can only relieve to some extent, the Jewish world problem. If Palestine were empty today, if it could absorb fifty thousand immigrants a year (and by the way these two conditions are not supplementary: an empty Palestine could not absorb Jews more rapidly than Palestine as it is), it would still fail to solve the problem of eight million of Jews subject to the moods and caprices of unfriendly surrounding nations. But even at that the refugee problem in its relation to Palestine has another aspect. Our plea to the Western world to open its gates to the persecuted Jews loses much of its cogency if that part of the problem which is in our own hands remains unsolved. When we are sending as many refugees into Palestine as that country can absorb, we have a double claim on the sympathy of the world.

One must not, of course, talk of "sending Jews into Palestine" as though this were purely an arithmetical problem. Jews "sent to Palestine" cannot stay there unless they can be absorbed healthily into the economic life of the country. Preparation must be made for every Jew who wishes to enter Palestine. In the last three years we have sent over thirty thousand Jews into the country. Tens of thousands more await the opportunity to enter it. They cannot be admitted pell-mell and at random, lest the emigration from Palestine finally counterbalance the immigration into it. And by preparation we mean of course the growth and development of the country's resources and the integration of newcomers with its economic life. Money is needed for this task; but we need equally a sense of organic construction. Restriction of immigration into Palestine has nothing to do with political conditions. Given the means we could double and treble the immigration, though we must understand that even unlimited means would not enable us to ship a hundred thousand Jews a year to Palestine. It takes time for a small country like Palestine to digest and assimilate fifteen or twenty thousand newcomers.

It would be false to see the ultimate possibilities of the Zionist experiment in terms of Palestine alone. The peculiar position of Palestine fits it to play a role of extraordinary importance in the Near East—a role which it has already entered on. The development of Palestine is the key to the development of a vast territory once the most fruitful in the world, today cut off from the centers of civilization and given over to neglect and decay. Unfortunately hunger is impatient, and the immense resources of the Mesopotamian hinterland are neglected because they cannot be developed in a day. Yet the first steps toward this development have already been taken. The linking up of Bagdad with Haifa is the tangible evidence. The carrying of mail in seven hours between these two points—separated hitherto by three and a half weeks of laborious traveling; the immediate prospects of a railway track which will carry freight back and forth in three days, these are both symbols and achievements. Their creation was made possible only with the awakening of Palestine by Jewish enterprise, and Jewish enterprise is perhaps destined to play an exceedingly important part in the economic reconstruction of the Near East.

Yet I must repeat that if the question of the Jewish refugee gives a new spur to the Zionist effort, it is not and never was the primal motive. There was something more affirmative behind the first stirrings of the movement—and that something became more coherent and self-conscious as

the movement gathered momentum and power. Zionism envisages more than the negative relief of suffering, more than philanthropic effort, and Palestine to the Zionist was never merely a last desperate opportunity to escape the persecution of the world. Indeed, whatever fortuitous co-operation there has been between anti-Semitism and Zionism, it would be quite wrong to make the two interdependent. The Jew does not depend on anti-Semitism for his existence, and Zionism is the strongest expression of the Jewish will to live.

The hope and lure of Palestine, its special appeal to the Zionist, lay in the authentic Jewish life and culture which could again develop there, after an interruption of twenty centuries. The concept of Jewish culture—and even Jewish culture in Palestine—has too often been of a "literary" nature. It is true that Zionist effort has succeeded in reviving the Hebrew language so that throughout an entire public-school and high-school system Hebrew is the language of tuition, so that Jewish children again use Hebrew as their natural medium. It is equally true that within a few months the Hebrew University is to be opened. It is equally true that concomitant with the Zionist renaissance there has come an extraordinary resurgence of Hebrew poetry—certainly the finest we have produced since the time of the Spanish singers—and perhaps the finest since the days of the Hebrew prophets. But culture must not be dissociated from life, and when we talk of a renewed Jewish culture, an authentic Jewish culture, in Palestine, we are not talking only of schools and literary people.

A civilization is whole and complete. The Jewish village in the valley of Jizreel, the Jewish cooperative colony under the shadow of Mount Hermon, the Jewish merchants of Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, the young men and women who are building roads and draining marshes—these are, after all, the material of the new Jewish culture. These people, working in a world of their own, from clean and unspoiled beginnings, are apt to produce that now forgotten value—the purely Jewish culture. In all other countries, in all other colonies, the Jew comes to add and to adapt. He is nowhere free to be himself; he must be that which an established civilization will permit him to be. With the best will in the world a nation welcoming the Jew cannot remove the tacit pressure and demand of its civilization and culture on the individuality of the Jew. But in Palestine the Jew can, for the first time since his dispersion, enter again into direct relation with his foundations. No one there stands between him and the first principles of life. He is back on the soil in every sense of the word: it would perhaps be better to say that he is back on the earth.

It is idle to speculate as to the forms which Jewish life in Palestine will take in two or three generations from now. To say that the Jew will give this or that to the world, as the result of a restoration of Palestinian Jewish life, is to indulge in vicarious generosity. We must say frankly that we cannot foresee the end of the experiment. We can only say that its beginnings are extraordinarily auspicious, that all circumstances combine to convince us of the value of the effort, that the vitality and richness of the Jewish people precludes the fear that the final product will be either commonplace or meaningless. Given a chance to be himself, the Jew will certainly not serve the world less than when forced to be everybody but himself. And that restoration to himself implies, too, the rehabilitation of his reputation in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world.

The Scandal Fisheries

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE oil inquiry has developed into a multitude of general fishing expeditions for all the scandals of any and all sorts that may infest the Washington waters. If any Senator thinks that by casting a hook into this or that subject he may be able to pull up a disgraceful or a politically useful incident, he brings in a resolution for an inquiry committee equipped with a hook and the power of issuing subpoenas, and hardly any Senator dares to vote against it. To hesitate to inquire is to confess to being a rogue. To speak to a person who is the object of an inquiry is to confess to being an accomplice in his sinfulness. To send him a telegram, hoping, perhaps, that he, after all, may be innocent of the charges brought against him, is to prove oneself as guilty as he. Senators in inquiries ask such questions as: "How many blocks from your hotel was the defendant's house?"

To live near a defendant becomes dangerous. To think that he may be innocent and to try to help him to prove his innocence becomes incriminating. To believe that an accused person should ever do anything but plead guilty and retire from public life becomes an indication of membership in the plunderbund.

This state of mind in Washington (and it exists deeply and widely and permeatingly through Washington) would be taken by Ralph Waldo Emerson as the strongest possible proof of inward corruption festering in the town and occupying its whole structure and impelling it to instant cowardice under any accusation directed from any source at any personage. Emerson held to the view, and expressed it, that fear is a vulture that lives only where there is carrion. In that view Washington must be all carrion. The outward aspect of Washington to the country is scandal. The striking and significant internal aspect of it is fear, terror, panic, and an almost universal inclination to run whenever the finger of a new inquiry throws its shadow upon a friend.

In the midst of this panic two hardy mariners from the Republican side of the village have determined that the gaining of a livelihood on the boisterous waves of the scandal fisheries shall not be confined to their Democratic neighbors and shall not be monopolized by the robust scions of our leading Democratic families. These two ambitious and vengeful characters—Attorney General Daugherty and Republican National Committee Chairman Adams—are now about to sail out on the foggy banks where the largest scandals are caught and they intend to come home with wriggling Democratic scandals filling their ships to the gunwales.

The reader of the daily news put on the wires from Washington during the next few weeks will have a clue to an understanding of his reading if he realizes that now at last there are two really rival firms in the scandal- and suspicion-fishing business. One firm consists of numerous Democrats, with their homes especially in the Senate. The rival firm might reasonably have been expected to exist of Republican senators. No Republican senators formed themselves, however, into any association for prosecuting the business. The Republican President himself did not rise either to make any fervent defense of accused Republicans or to organize any fervent attack upon accusable

Democrats. It was in these circumstances, and it was during this situation, that Senator Wheeler of Montana launched his resolution for an inquiry into Mr. Daugherty.

What lies back of Senator Wheeler's attitude and action has not been realized by the public. Senator Wheeler, as a United States prosecuting attorney in Montana during the hysterics of war time, drew back from putting people into jail on charges which superficially had to do with an alleged opposition to the war, but which basically had their origin in the opposition of these people to the industrial managers and masters of Montana.

Wheeler was not willing to see the United States Department of Justice used as an agency of class warfare by the top people against the bottom people. The Department of Justice, on the other hand, under the Democratic Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer, and subsequently under the Republican Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, was perfectly willing, and perhaps perfectly conscientiously willing, to be an agency for supporting the industrial ins and ups against the industrial downs and outs.

Wheeler, when he ran for United States Senator, was supported by the railroad trade unions. Daugherty, as United States Attorney General, tried to break the shop-craft railroad trade unions in 1922 with an injunction.

Behind the resolution of Wheeler for inquiring into Daugherty lies the struggle of the industrially mastered to raise their heads against those whom they believe to be not only employing them but exploiting and subjugating them.

Wheeler brought numerous charges against Daugherty, reflecting not indeed any theory as to his being an ally of capital against labor, but reflecting strongly a firm theory as to his being personally dishonorable and dishonest.

At that point the whole scandal pageant in Washington broke into a new departure. Daugherty happens to be personally a man of physical and nervous courage. He sought the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. John T. Adams. Adams happens also to have physical and nervous courage abundantly. Against the Eastern aggregated wealth of his party he has refused, for instance, to be for the League of Nations. A conservative, a tory, he has resisted all the pressures of the Eastern conservative tory element in his party for American participation in the Treaty of Versailles. In this respect he stands with those other tory but anti-League and anti-Versailles characters, Senator Brandegee of Connecticut and Senator Moses of New Hampshire.

Adams is a hard-boiled Republican, a hard-boiled American, and a hard-boiled man. Consulting with Attorney General Daugherty, he determined that there were just as many Democratic fish in the scandals seas as there could possibly be Republican fish and he determined to get out his hooks and nets and catch the Democratic ones.

So far he has tied to the Democratic Secretary of the Navy Daniels the alleged horrid crime of originating the policy of leasing naval oil reserve lands to private persons. He also has tied to the Democratic Secretary of the Interior Payne the alleged equally horrid crime of rendering the drilling of naval oil reserves necessary by authorizing the sinking of private wells in the general public domain on the edges of the special naval oil reserves. Day by day and week by week he will go further into the Democratic records and endeavor further to prove that Democrats are the sanctioning godfathers of Republican scandals.

Daugherty meanwhile also intends not only to try to

prove himself innocent, but also to try to prove a lot of Democrats abominably guilty. The news of the next few weeks will exhibit the results of this sort of intention and of this sort of quality in him. The Democratic Party will struggle in the net and bleed from the gaff, along with the Republican Party, because it just happened that two certain Republicans—Adams and Daugherty—were by the chemical composition of their blood, or something, unterrified by storms and disposed to take their chances with the hardest and most adventurous Democrats in discovering any and all fish that any depths in Washington may conceal. Mr. Adams and Mr. Daugherty will be the ablest destroyers of the Democratic Party and unintentionally the ablest creators of a new one.

British Labor at Work

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, February 15

THE first Labor Government contains few surprises of any notable kind. Lord Chelmsford, a Conservative Viceroy of India, becomes First Lord of the Admiralty, but those who remembered his association with Indian constitutional reform and his chairmanship of the Miners' Welfare Fund were prepared for his change of view. It is a dramatic Cabinet. It is right and fitting that Sidney Webb should sit on the Treasury bench; he made the Labor Party, and he has mind enough and knowledge enough to fit any dozen officers in the state. Lord Olivier and Lord Haldane are men of vast administrative experience. Lord Thomson is that contradiction in terms, a soldier capable of statesmanship. Mr. Wheatley brings to the Ministry of Health courage and vision and a knowledge of the housing problem second to none in the country. The Ministry outside the Cabinet contains many men of first-rate caliber—Robert Richards in the India Office, Arthur Greenwood at the Ministry of Health, Morgan Jones at the Board of Education. With Miss Bondfield at the Ministry of Labor, the revolution begun by the Franchise Act of 1918 takes a new turn; and one hopes that Mr. MacDonald will be bold enough to find room for her presently in the Cabinet. Presently, too, Mr. Morel ought to be in the Government and Mr. Tawney—the Platonic philosopher in politics—and Miss Susan Lawrence. The Prime Minister has chosen well in a complex situation. There are one or two doubts, and one or two names whose presence I find inexplicable. But every Prime Minister has these difficulties, and I hazard the guess that no Cabinet in our generation has represented so solid or so varied an experience.

Above all, there is MacDonald himself. Friendship always makes judgment a matter of difficulty. But I think these last weeks have made it broadly realized in England that MacDonald is a national asset. It is not only that he has vision and courage. He has a knowledge of Europe to which no other English statesman can pretend. He has a sense of his mission, a power to measure his responsibilities, a love of humble men and the happiness of humble men. Given the chance, I think no other statesman so likely to appease the hatreds of a weary Europe. His judgment is cool, his mind a balanced mind. He has already won the devoted loyalty of his colleagues; and he has struck a new note in the House of Commons. You feel there that mem-

bers are no longer playing a game; they are set to the solution of problems.

His program was announced on Tuesday. Inevitably, it has disappointed many; but you cannot produce the co-operative commonwealth like a rabbit from a conjurer's hat. Russia is recognized; and in that righting of a great wrong Labor has, as is just, been the first of the Allied Powers to herald a new dawn. With Russia once more in the family of nations, we may hope, not merely for the rebuilding of economic relationships, but, what is even more urgent, the interchange of ideas. Russia has a great experience to bring us; we have, I think, something to contribute to her. At least the barriers between us are down, and the feverish dreams of Mr. Winston Churchill can now affect only the squires and old ladies for whom they are so fitted.

But relations with France are the crux. MacDonald moves cautiously. Dexterity has already solved the problem of the Cologne railways; and France has been made to withdraw her shameful support of the Separatists in the Palatinate. The rest turns on two things. The report of the Expert Commissions is the basis upon which MacDonald must build; and his task will not be made easier by the fact that your internal problem has, I suppose, made the Republicans look askance at adding to the burden they must bear by European commitments. The fall in the franc may make France less unreasonable; and discussion may produce a European conference—with Germany and the neutrals—for the revision of Versailles. Italy certainly will go forward on that road, and, I think, Belgium would take the occasion to separate from France if the latter proved obdurate. With patience and skill MacDonald has the right to hope that he can get France out of the Ruhr. If he can do that he can move directly to a European settlement.

At home, the two immediate issues are housing and unemployment. On the first, the Ministry of Health is formulating a program which will look to 120,000 houses a year at a rent of nine shillings a week. It will not be easy. The building rings are powerful, and the Liberals do not welcome the notion of more taxes for the benefit of the poor. But the unions are at one with Mr. Wheatley; and it will be very difficult for any party to oppose a solid scheme. On unemployment, there is to be a great extension of credit facilities, on which Mr. Webb's plans are almost ready; the gap in unemployment insurance relief is to be abolished; certain constructive works are to be taken in hand. In education, the size of classes is to be immediately decreased, there is to be larger expenditure on meals for school children, an increase in the free places in secondary schools, and in scholarships to the universities. These are already under way. It is hoped, too, to improve the treatment of prisoners, especially by a scheme of prison education, and to revise the system of defending poor prisoners. I ought to put on record here the magnificent spirit in which the civil service has cooperated with the new Government. It has worked with a zest that has encouraged the ministers greatly, and the removal of the shadow of Geddesism has given the best men a new hope in their work.

Imperial preference was killed by the election; it will be decently interred next month by a free vote of the House of Commons. We are not to have a particularist empire within a tariff wall. In a similar spirit, Singapore is to go; and with its disappearance there will, one hopes, be a new spirit in the attitude to disarmament. The Government will, in that same spirit, demand the admission of Germany

and Russia to the League of Nations. It proposes to seek the transformation of that timid instrument into a powerful lever. It believes that the League can only win the confidence of the world by being made the center of consistent enterprise. It will not use the Council of Ambassadors. It will insist that the League function in all disputes; and, in the light of the past, it will urge that no disputes are of a non-justiciable kind. We will not have more Corfus if MacDonald can help it.

I have said no word, as yet, of India. That is not going to be an easy problem. The release of Mr. Gandhi was a good beginning; but if the Swarajists are going simply to block administration in the legislatures, the parliamentary situation here will make it impossible for Lord Olivier to move leftward. We in the Labor Party are all agreed that the truest path to Dominion Home Rule for India is such creative use of the present reforms as will permit the acceleration of the period of revision. There will be much less tendency under Lord Olivier to overrule Indian judgment; and, I hope, a new attitude to the Kenya problem. But if the Nationalists refuse a gesture of friendship to Labor, it will be impossible to advance on the present system. I believe myself that Mr. Gandhi is too wise not to see that he is presented with a new and great opportunity.

But, of course, all this depends on whether the Labor Government can retain the confidence of the House of Commons. Obviously, that is not going to be easy since it depends upon what the Liberals will do. And if Mr. Asquith's first gesture is an index to his attitude, he is going to make it as difficult as he can for the Labor Government. He wants to show the country that he is the real master of the House of Commons; and his attack on Poplarism—which he showed a signal inability to understand—proved clearly that his mind still lingers about mid-Victorian economic conceptions. The Government is certainly not going to make itself the creature of his will. It will not resign merely because he maneuvers defeat on details; the challenge must be a frontal attack. How and when that will come lies on the knees of the Gods. I can only assure American radicals that when it comes it will be faced boldly and with no desire to avoid the larger issues. And, in the meantime, we shall inquire into the whole problem of the national debt; we shall revise the present iniquitous poor-law system; we shall gain experience of administration by the actual exercise of power.

For the Labor Party realizes more than any other that this is the critical time of parliamentary institutions. If we can so comport ourselves as to win popular confidence we can hope, after the next election, for a majority that will enable us to take great strides toward great measures. If the Liberal Party tries to prevent our effective functioning, it will convince innumerable people now full of hope that the supporters of the existing regime are not at bottom prepared for its revision in constitutional terms. We may, of course, fail by our own ineptitude; but if we fail through the perversion of tactics by the Liberals, parliamentary government will fall into serious discredit with the masses who still look to it with hope. We live in a period of great events, and great measures are necessary to cope with them. If our political system is so manipulated as to prevent their emergence, the working class will swing rapidly to revolution. But the decision here rests with Mr. Asquith. Mr. MacDonald will go forward if he is given the chance. If it is denied him, the ultimate solution will be found elsewhere.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has always had a particular tenderness for the undergraduates of Barnard College. On occasional driftings in the direction of Columbia University he has observed the keenness, vivacity, and general bouncing air of these young misses with admiration properly tempered by respect and reserve. Now, however, there is danger that his regard for them will burst out of bounds and become positively rapturous. A study of what makes Barnard girls angry is the cause for his delight: "teasing," he reads, "bossing, giving unwelcome advice, contradiction, interruption of sleep, disobedient children, the wrong number on the telephone, inability to open a locker door, being kept waiting, scolding, spilling ink, and breaking one's glasses or watch"—any one of these is ample to put a Barnard girl—or the Drifter—in a towering rage.

LIKE the Drifter, Barnard girls are more prone to anger when they are hungry or sleepy, and generate more fury at persons than at things. When they leave the sheltering confines of their Alma Mater, the Drifter is confident that they will continue to show their appreciation of life's proper values by irritation at persons who seek information over the telephone that is readily accessible in a dictionary, persons who persist in knowing one's destination when one does not know it oneself, persons who like rainy weather, persons who complain at rainy weather, persons who do not wear rubbers and are scornful of those who do, persons who insist on keeping engagements, persons who neglect to keep engagements, and all obnoxious, prying souls who ask personal questions. Besides these the astute Barnard graduates will, the Drifter knows, grow apoplectic over clogged inkwells, desk drawers that refuse to open, desirable books too high in price for the deserving poor, social reform, underdone bacon, jerking Pullman trains, the income tax, and stamps that will not stick. It is evident that education at Barnard really means something: besides the inevitable dryas dust facts these young women are acquiring an enviable capacity for resentment. The Drifter admits proudly that he possesses this quality to a degree; he can almost believe that in some previous incarnation he must have gone to Barnard himself.

IT is not improbable that the Barnard aversions are shared by many besides the Drifter. Yet an editorial writer on the estimable *New York Times*, who is in accord with almost all of the above, takes exception to the discovery that Barnard anger is more easily aroused over the week-ends than at other times, and is shocked to hear the young ladies attribute it to the fact that they are at home then. "What sort of education is this?" demands the outraged gentleman, "that makes the young dissatisfied with their homes?" To the Drifter nothing seems more natural. The antagonism between parents and children is not peculiar to a college for young women, nor is it the result of any form of education. Sweeping aside smaller, inconsequential irritations, the Drifter is planning to concentrate in the future all his great store of anger stimuli on parents who will not recognize this fact, and particularly on *New York Times* editorial writers who deny to the present generation the stimulating rages which they themselves must have enjoyed while still young.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Some Readers on Wilson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Woodrow Wilson in *The Nation* contains more of real truth concerning the deceased than all the other matter printed concerning him during his lifetime and since his death.

On October 15, 1915, while a member of the House, I wrote Wilson as strong a plea as I could make to stop the unlawful seizure of ships and cargoes of American citizens on the high seas by the English; pointed out to him that by tolerating the seizure and indefinite detention of American vessels bound for neutral ports with peaceful cargoes of flour, meat, and other foodstuffs, he was practically withdrawing the protection of the Government of the United States from American citizens on the high seas, thereby forfeiting the respect of all civilized nations and that of our own citizens as well, and violating his own proclamation of neutrality. I received, in reply, a stiff and formal note from Joe Tumulty advising me that he had brought my letter to the attention of the President. Wilson did all in his power, secretly, to defeat me for renomination in 1916 for telling him what he knew to be the truth, and he never forgave me for it.

This incident was characteristic of Wilson; he only tolerated disagreement with him when the political exigencies made it necessary and expedient to do so, and when he had clubbed Congress into transferring to him all power necessary to make him a despot, he used it to the temporary destruction of free institutions and his own undoing. One of the Roman emperors at the end of his career wrote: "Arbitrary power conferred upon the most benevolent man who ever lived will convert him into a wild beast."

Cleveland, Ohio, February 23

WILLIAM GORDON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has made any contribution in the article appearing in the current issue of *The Nation* entitled Woodrow Wilson: A Supreme Tragedy it is to give expression to the endurance of German hate. The article is unworthy of a scholar and a thinker.

Mr. Villard and his brother pacifists have never dared to picture a world dominated by a triumphant Germany, in other words, by the success of the German idea. This idea makes the state supreme, the individual an unimportant entity to be utilized at all times for the state's power and glory. Men have fought thousands of years and shed rivers of blood in refutation of this idea. No principal in the conflict possessed more accurate information about the human race's long struggle up from slavery than Woodrow Wilson. He knew the sacrifices that had been made in defense of the democratic idea, which stresses the dignity of the individual and assures him protection in his quest for liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Great War was a contest between these contending forms of government. If Mr. Villard and his brother pacifists had any plan whereby Mr. Wilson could have safeguarded the heritage of human freedom bequeathed to him and at the same time permitted Germany to win the war they have consistently held their peace.

New York, February 11

SARA McPIKE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now almost three weeks since Wisconsin people had the gratification of reading the admirable editorial on Woodrow Wilson. They are talking about it yet. There was a letter in the *Capital Times* yesterday in regard to it. Everywhere I go I hear people ask, "Have you read that article in *The Nation* on Wilson?" It was a wonderful condensation of all the most important things which ought to be said about Wil-

son's career, so wonderful and inspiring to all liberals up until the time of his tragic downfall.

Madison, Wisconsin, February 22

CHESTER C. PLATT,
Wisconsin Nonpartisan League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your severe judgment and bitter arraignment of Woodrow Wilson, permit me to quote Abraham Lincoln:

The true rule in determining to embrace or reject anything is not whether it have evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things that are wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded.

Woodrow Wilson, abhorring war as fervently as the sincerest pacifist, having turned the other cheek, there was but one other posture—and the imperial boot was already lifted! Non-combative pride could go no further without ignominy. Not even the "God-given" suggestion of Mr. Bryan could have saved us at this crisis, and so Mr. Wilson had to "judge of the preponderance of evil"; he dared not ignore the inexorable logic of events, nor his supreme duty. And yet you profess to wonder what influence won Woodrow Wilson over to the war!

The price of temporary peace would have been much too high. Germany would undoubtedly have been victorious. Autocracy triumphant, we would, today, be paying tribute to the War Lord compared with whom Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Napoleon would be mere pikers!

Glen Ridge, New Jersey, February 17 LOUIS CORTAMBERT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard's estimate of Wilson seems to me as fine as anything that has ever appeared in *The Nation*.

Pittsburgh, February 11

BAYARD H. CHRISTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article in *The Nation* on Woodrow Wilson and wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you on having written the truth about Wilson at a time when most writers are forgetting his tragic failure to shower him with praises.

Dartmouth, February 10

ROLAND A. GIBSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to thank you sincerely for your admirable summing up of the Tragedy of Wilson, in the February 13 number of *The Nation*. It could not have been more trenchant, nor, alas, more true.

I have just seen from William Allen White this (as I remember):

God gave him a vision,
The Devil gave him an imperious temper.
The man has passed on,
The vision remains.

Stanford University, February 15 DAVID STARR JORDAN

Broke, Decorated, but Determined

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am against the bonus and I doubt if I would accept it unless I accepted it as *un beau geste*, and laughed ironically as I did so, and laughed still more ironically as I split it two ways: one-half to help rebuild devastated France and one-half for starving German babies.

I am against the bonus although I am stony-broke and ten thousand dollars in debt as the result of saving the world for democracy and Poincaré.

I am against the bonus although I served twenty-six months, through the St. Mihiel salient, thirty-one days in the

Argonne, saw my regiment lose 45 per cent, 1st personnel, and stayed six months on the Rhine after the armistice.

I am against the bonus although I boast a promotion and field rank, a decoration and a citation, an honorable discharge, and a half-dubious pride in that "I stuck it out" without running away.

In formulating my position I have tried to wipe out of mind memories like these: certain whipper-snapper young West Pointers, more sadistic than the legendary Prussian officer, badgering and driving men in a lust of so-called discipline; farm lads from Kansas wallowing in the same bloody trench as their foe—and both speaking German; a disemboweled man cradled in the shattered bowels of a dead horse; November dawns, acrid with mustard gas and the seven-day corpses of the 32nd Division, rotting in the rain; underfed and blue-eyed Saxon boys—fourteen and fifteen years of age—limbs shattered or dying where they fell.

I have tried to forget the retrospect of hundreds of German children, "ricketed" and undernourished (just as I have wished never to remember Rheims, gaunt against the sky, and a thousand French farm homes ground to powder and dust).

I have tried to forget even my own people war-mad and crazy, calling upon God and Pershing "to can the Kaiser" and slaughter Hans Wilhelm Niederluecke of Neuerburg-im-Elfel, aged twenty-one, and just a stupid Rhenish farm hand. (Well, I shouted with the rest but I also fought. There is a slight distinction implied at this point.)

Yet, of course, I cannot forget all these things—or I would be for the bonus.

But somehow for me to take the bonus would be to acknowledge that it was a just war, that any war is right. It would be to establish one more sophistry, to proclaim once more both the patriotic and moral sanctity of war. Whether we lost pride or principle, a bank roll or a leg—the reasoning would be the same. Money, the great material agent, would justify the cause and heal the wound with the salve of a rabid chauvinism.

I am against the bonus, and if I ever accept it I shall split it two ways: one-half to the German babies dying for lack of milk (there's the body recognized and your foe forgiven); one-half to help rebuild devastated France (there's a swift recognition of the indomitable in man, a tribute to that eternal fortitude of the peasant wherever you find him, and your late brother-in-arms saluted).

Thus the amenities will be observed, although in the meantime I remain decorated and disillusioned, stony-broke and busted.

Yet there's a whole inarticulate legion of us—too proud to speak if not too proud to fight. And probably the whole parcel of us would be deemed unworthy of the designation "the American Legion."

New York, March 1

C. J. MASSECK

Contributors to This Issue

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, writer and lecturer, is president of the Jewish Territorial Organization.

CHAIM WEIZMANN is the president of the international Zionist Organization.

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly of the Harvard Law School, is professor at the London School of Economics.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER is professor of English at Oberlin.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, a former editor of *The Nation*, has recently agreed to give a course of lectures in American history at Yale.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is an English correspondent who has been spending the past winter in Washington.

Books

The Divine Darkness

Lamps of Western Mysticism. By Arthur Edward Waite. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

"WHAT do you call mysticism?" asks Antinous, in "Aids to Reflection," "and do you use the word in a good or a bad sense?" "In the latter only," replies Nous, "as far, at least, as we are now concerned with it. When a man refers to *inward feelings and experiences*, of which mankind at large are not conscious, as evidences of the truth of any opinion—such a man I call a mystic." There speaks the eighteenth century, with its distrust of "enthusiasm" and its conviction that "where mystery begins, religion ends"; there also speaks the twentieth, whose objection is the same, though its language is different. And yet, in the last analysis, mysticism, properly understood, is at the bottom of all religion that is worthy of the name—not the shallow deism of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, to be sure, nor the "morality touched with emotion" to which a good deal of modern Protestantism is reducible, but religion as it has always been understood by experts in the spiritual life. God, as Pascal is never weary of saying, is a *Deus Absconditus*, who cannot be reached save by "the reasons of the heart." "Formless and vague and fleeting as it is," says Dean Inge, "the mystical experience is the bed-rock of religious faith."

It is this conception of mysticism that underlies Mr. Waite's book—an approach to religion that is direct, personal, independent of creed or rite, that seeks reunion with the Divine Nature as the one goal of man's striving, the end of ends. As the goal is one, so the path is one, whatever the name by which it is called. No religion monopolizes it, whether of the West or the East. While the true mystic makes use of "the lesser means of sanctification," that is to say, the forms and ceremonies and obligations laid upon him as a member of a great society, yet he is essentially of the mind, rather than of the body of the church. He is not an antinomian, for he recognizes the supreme importance of conduct; nor is he an ascetic. Indeed, Mr. Waite appears to think, with Coventry Patmore, that marriage is the medium of the highest mystical experience, and that without it, such experience is impossible. The Catholic church, whose immense services to mystical religion he freely grants, does not, he declares, understand this particular matter at all. The true mystic is not an unsocial being, even though life for him is a long and intense contemplation. What may be called the habit of the interior life does not make him self-centered. On the contrary, it drives him to altruistic action. "Among the first intentions of personal goodness," says Mr. Waite, "is the design of being good to others." But the emphasis upon the mystical basis of religion is a necessary corrective of the externalism, the mere "social service," into which modern Christianity has been so largely transmuted.

The knowledge of divine, supersensible things attained in the mystic state is not knowledge in the intellectual sense at all. The logical understanding has no part in it. It is direct, immediate, intuitive. It comes about, indeed, through "the utter cessation of knowledge." The mystic as such makes no theological discoveries. So far is he from the clear apprehension of intellectual truth that can be set forth in words that he is driven to deny rather than to affirm. He speaks a language of negatives. With many of the mystical writers, the favorite symbol for God is not light, but darkness. The first chapter of the pseudo-Dionysian treatise on mystical theology, which is the fountainhead of much mystical speculation, speaks of the "supersubstantial ray of the divine darkness" as the goal of the mystic quest. Moreover, the state of union with the Divine Nature toward which the mystic constantly strives is neither conscious nor permanent. Only after such an experience is he aware of it, but its effects are permanent and color all his thought and all his conduct.

The church, though she is the mother of mystics, has never felt quite comfortable with these incalculable children, and her instinct is sound. The mystic is potentially a heretic, though Mr. Waite correctly insists that he is seldom actually or consciously so. He passes, indeed, beyond the rites and doctrines of the church, but they are nevertheless the ladder by which he rises. He transcends without annulling them. The church, Mr. Waite insists, has never had the courage of its own possibilities. If its rulers had experience of the mystic union, "would it not perchance repent of all its dogmas and all the high definitions?" We think not, except at the price of ceasing to be a church at all.

Unfortunately, the doctrine of religious mysticism is historically related to a class of doctrines with which it is less easy to sympathize. Spiritism, various forms of the occult, mystic brotherhoods claiming vast antiquity—Mr. Waite takes account of them all and speaks of them with more deference than many of his readers can feel. He thinks, for example, that there is in spiritism the possibility of genuine mystic discoveries in the future, but he is severe enough upon the "inchoate clamor" of its present pronouncements. Nor does he think better of various mystic cults with which he appears to have the acquaintance of an initiate. "The truth," he found, was "not in these things or in those who sought them." Newman once said, though without humorous intent, "if I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less"; but Mr. Waite would evidently not go quite so far.

It is impossible, in the space at our command, to give an adequate account of a book like this, for it is really of a good deal of importance. It is badly written, in a kind of jargon that, if the author were an American, the English reviewers would call Americanese. But it is a profound and penetrating account of the mystic idea and its chief interpreters, and it is evidently based upon experience. Mr. Waite's competence to discuss such matters is well known. It ought at any rate to convince any candid reader, however unsympathetic, who has the patience to read it that his own experience is not the measure of the spiritually possible.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Toilers of the Sea

Letters of Stephen Reynolds. Edited by Harold Wright. London: The Hogarth Press.

THE English are a seafaring nation and the genus "seafaring man" includes both the sailor and the fisherman, but only the former of these has found his *vates sacer*. The English fisherman has had neither a Dibdin to make him the hero of popular songs nor a Marryat or Clark Russell or Conrad to present him as a living character in fiction. English literature, indeed, knows nothing about any kind of fishing except the tame variety made famous by Izaak Walton. If Stephen Reynolds had not died at thirty-eight, the gap might have been filled.

A graduate of Manchester University with honors in chemistry, Reynolds attempted to gain a living by writing, but an early breakdown sent him to the coast of Devon, where he regained his health by working for a fisherman whose acquaintance he had made on a holiday visit. The experiment turned out so well that he not only entered into partnership with his Sidmouth friend but made his home with the fisherman's family, and, as a general thing, forsook middle-class society. The difference in social standards brought some trying moments, especially at meal times, but Reynolds was not playing with life, and his fundamental humanity carried him safely over all embarrassments. He soon learned the fisherman's craft from A to Z, and his outside training and experience supplemented his partner's knowledge and skill in many ways. He introduced, though not without a conflict with the conservatism of his fisher colleagues, the profitable innovation of a motor boat. He led a fight against a lord of the manor whose depredations on the

foreshore were threatening the local fisheries with ruin. He devised schemes for saving the fishermen from the exactions of the middlemen, and did his best to get them to combine in plans of cooperative marketing. After a few years, he was able to render his friends valuable service on a larger scale by official work for the Fisheries Board, especially during the war. In all this he showed a business capacity not usually associated with the artistic temperament.

But an artist Stephen Reynolds undoubtedly was. A writer whose prose won high commendation from Joseph Conrad was no tyro in literature. The letters collected in this volume, though thrown off hurriedly in the course of an over-busy life, are enough to show his quality. They are couched always in a vigorous English, with a wholesome and refreshing smack of the sea. Yet he had a struggle to make anything like a livelihood by his pen. He would have been content, he said, to make £150 a year out of literature, but he found it hard to get.

His first-hand experiences of the worker's life naturally stimulated Reynolds's thinking on social problems. He cherished the hope that the fisheries might lead the nation toward a better social and economic order. His reaction to the European war may be indicated by quoting his opinion that those who have died for the honor of their nations, on both sides, are sacrifices to the dishonor of the race as a whole, and that to all appearance Kultur has conquered by its traditional method of peaceful penetration, pursued under war instead of peace conditions. As to the post-war situation, "the governing classes are skating not merely on thin ice, but on thin ice over a stream that's gathering pace." They "seem not to be aware that the real bone of contention is not wealth, but life." The talk about reconstruction proves to Reynolds that the people who presume to guide the nation are not thinking. The new generation will not want reconstruction—which has to do only with matter, with bricks and mortar, and will amount only to an effort of the old gang to get back to top-dog—but re-creation, the inseminating of life with more life. These are but samples of the shrewd and penetrating reflections which make one feel that when Reynolds became in 1919 the victim of his over-exertions in the cause dear to him the British nation lost a man of the type it could least spare.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Wanted: An Executioner

A Study of International Government. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.75.

The Development of International Law After the World War. By Otfried Nippold. Translated from the German by Amos S. Hershey, Ph.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. \$2.50.

International Society, Its Nature and Interests. By Philip Marshall Brown. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

WHEN Madison, in anticipation of the meeting of the convention which was to frame the Constitution of the United States, drew up an elaborate account of the systems of federal government that had already been tried, he doubtless hoped that the lessons of the past which he had collected would be studied by the men who were shortly to reorganize the American nation. Unfortunately, while we do not know that the work was not read, there is little evidence to show that it was used. It is to be feared that a similar fate may attend Miss Hughan's sketchy survey of the history of international government and administration, as far, at least, as the persons practically connected with those matters are concerned. History is not lacking in lessons, but every generation is about like every other in forgetting or ignoring them and in going about the solution of its own problems as if no one had ever essayed similar problems before.

To most readers, accordingly, what Miss Hughan has to say about the past will probably seem only a rather long introduction to what she has to say about the League of Nations. She is at pains to tell us that the book is not a plea for or

against the League, and her discussion of the organization and work of the League is, as a whole, commendably impartial. What is said in her closing chapters, however, about the problems which neither the League nor its members have shown either inclination or capacity to solve, and of the general political and social atmosphere in which internationalism of any kind is today compelled to live, more than suffices to show how futile is the attempt to make the world better by accepting the yoke of the Covenant. Practically every influence that in the past has helped to make war possible is still operating, and some of the most deadly of those influences have been strengthened by the treaties to which the League owes its existence and whose provisions it is in part expected to enforce. When the League is prepared to put its own existence at issue by attacking the unholy internationalism upon which it rests, it will be time to talk about the League as a help in forming an international mind.

Otfried Nippold's learned treatise, already well known to such students of international law as can read German, was published in the spring of 1917, and to readers who are not specialists it will be of interest chiefly because of the author's clear anticipation of a league of nations as the body under whose direction and control the development of international law should properly take place. The league which Mr. Nippold has in mind, however, is not the one-sided structure created by the Paris treaties. The international body upon whose influence he relies is one in which all the nations are represented, "but in which no one nation should have a predominant part"; he is not interested in a league so contrived that a nation like the United States would feel constrained for its own safety to keep out of it, or in one which Great Britain or France, or the two in combination, would be easily able to dominate. Given a league of his planning, any violation of the system would at once concern every member state, and might be punished by combined pressure or even force. The fundamental defect of the plan is that membership in such a league means national subordination rather than free national cooperation, and in the present state of national spirit such cooperation is impossible.

The vigorous and thought-provoking discussion of the conditions and problems of an international society which Mr. Brown offers contains a chapter on the League of Nations which was written before the Corfu incident, and which the author might now feel disposed to modify in the light of that informing episode. Even so, his conclusions are stated with so much caution and such important reservations as to suggest that the League, although recognized by him as a "going concern" and acclaimed for its admirable organization, nevertheless has a perilous road to travel. The League, he points out, "purports to guarantee—at least in a moral sense—the existing *status quo* either against physical aggression or against the revision of the treaties on which the League is based"; yet the Treaty of Sévres and the agreements with the Turks (he writes before the Lausanne Treaty had been concluded) show what the Great Powers "may choose to do outside and in derogation of the League's authority." A second function of the League is "to guarantee the fullest discussion of international disputes before nations are permitted to resort to war." Italy's course with Greece in the Corfu controversy did not go beyond a war-like gesture, but the debates in the League were treated with contempt by Italy and ignored by the conference of ambassadors, with the result that discussion and events went on apart. A third guaranty, "that coercion of some sort will be brought to bear against any nation which seeks self-redress through war without having first demonstrated its full right to do so," ebbed its young life away when Mussolini thumbed his nose at the League and Lord Robert Cecil tried to make black appear white, and is seriously questioned by Mr. Brown on the ground that relations between nations ought to be conducted "on the basis of conciliation." In addition, the League is "primarily a European concern," and the regional character of most of its

problems makes no particular appeal to the United States. Mr. Brown even goes so far as to suggest the possibility of regional leagues to deal with special problems—an idea which, he thinks, "may prove the saving of the League and indicate the natural wise direction for its evolution."

One puts down these three volumes with the clear impression that the League of Nations needs someone to help it to die. It is built, to use Mr. Brown's phrase, on the "shaky foundation" of vicious treaties; it is dominated by a few Great Powers that flout it when they please; there is no agreement as to whether or not it ought to use force, and it has no force to use; it embodies no moral idea for which anyone would give a sixpence; and it is a regional undertaking anyway. One wonders that well-intentioned souls should still dream of the time when the United States will embrace so decrepit an institution.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Weary Souls

Humble Folk. By Bosworth Crocker. Stewart Kidd Company. \$2.

IT would be illuminating to know how large a percentage of New York's population dwells below the level of the sidewalks. The premium which high rents have placed upon every square foot of ground has transformed the subsoil of Manhattan into a landlord's gold mine, and the rapidity with which what were meant to be basements have been "converted" into what are alleged to be apartments is crowding people downward—almost as fast as they are being pushed skyward. Meantime pneumatic drills bite out the rock to make fresh burrows.

It is this submerged tenth (or whatever the proportion may be) that Bosworth Crocker draws upon for material in her one-act plays. Of the five plays in the collection, two have scenes laid below the pavement level—and the other three command a view of life equally narrow and similarly depressing. It is as if her characters, staring out through dingy barred windows, have only the horizon of the curbstone across the street for their dreams; their eyes, seeking a meaning and some beauty in life, are blinded by the sweepings and the litter of the gutters. In "The Last Straw" one faces "the kitchen of the Bauer flat in the basement of the Bryn Mawr"—how poetic these apartment houses are in the telephone directory!—and looks through an open door at the dumbwaiter, common carrier of garbage and groceries and gossip. In "The Baby Carriage" the vista is that from a tailor-shop "two steps down from the sidewalk." Here one finds that mingling of emotions and races out of which are woven the trials and aspirations of humanity. The author is not dealing with poverty, but with that grinding struggle which is even worse; her people have the illusion of some future dawn of comfort, which grows pitifully dimmer with every step. Two of the plays—"The Dog" and "The First Time"—are laid in police courts, which—in the figurative temple of the law—themselves occupy the converted basement, administering justice with the lazy impartiality of a janitor. Here one has again, in Bosworth Crocker's vivid handling, an appraisal of the ironic fates which play with the lives of humble folk, turned aside from the normal expression of their hopes and loves and replacing their true emotions with parodies. In the protagonists of her dramas, the author has been highly successful; they are living creations voicing their woes and their disappointments with conviction and with no mawkish interludes. The lay figures which she has introduced to express the good impulses of the world are not quite so convincing; the Irish police matron in "The First Time" is a little incredible in her well-meant offices of kindness, and Mrs. Rooney—the Hibernian angel in "The Baby Carriage"—seems too Lady Bountiful to be true. Some of the minor figures in these compact little dramas, however, are etched with a swift and compelling fidelity to life.

If one cites the well-worn slice-of-life label for Bosworth

Crocker's plays it is to suggest that—contrary to the accepted method—she has made her cuts transversely and examined with greatest care the bottom layers. She is not interested in dramatic contrast and only secondarily in dramatic conflict; she centers her thought upon weary souls, buffeting existence and being buffeted to the breaking-point, so that they face the crises of life only partially aware of the significance of their revolt. Out of such elements are woven drama which is sharp and terse and—like life itself—indecisive.

LISLE BELL

The Return of Ovid

Ovid. The Lover's Handbook. A Complete Translation of the Ars Amatoria. By F. A. Wright. The Broadway Translations. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

OVID was a favorite poet of Chaucer, as he was of Shakespeare, and also, strangely enough, of Milton. Dryden was fonder of him than he was of certain classical writers whom he translated at greater length, and Pope did not neglect to modernize a few passages from the "Metamorphoses." But Ovid's reputation, as Mr. Wright says somewhere in the hundred pages of introduction which precede the present work, declined in England after the first few years of the eighteenth century. "Since 1717 translations of Horace and Virgil have been as thick as gooseberries on a gooseberry bush: of Ovid there has scarcely been one that deserves notice." Mr. Wright finds reasons for this. Horace spoke perfectly for the men of the eighteenth century, with their "genuine but very restricted patriotism, their polished but slightly brutal manners, their utter lack of all true religious feeling"; while Virgil was fitted to attract the later nineteenth century by his imperialism, his philosophic melancholy, and his acquiescence to all forms of power whether hollow or profound. Mr. Wright plausibly predicts a revival of Ovid, as he does of Lucretius, and in the case of Ovid at least it is probable that the revival will follow upon Mr. Wright's own efforts as a translator; for, judged by the present specimen, he belongs in the company of the most skillful of all Englishmen who have made classic poets modern.

Ovid until now has been more or less suspect because he is so interesting. He never was a "classic" in the sense that he was solemn. His wit, his impudence, his cool grace, his ability along with his willingness to say anything whatever that came into his head, and his indifference to dignity have been rather against him. But Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton delighted in him because he was incredibly rich in the materials of poetry, and anyone capable of knowing a good story when he sees it has always known that Ovid is one of the best tellers of tales in the world. Add his sophistication and he becomes a poet who, if signs mean anything, ought to be popular today. Columnists who have rung the last dreary changes upon the odes of Horace may profitably turn to the "Amores," the "Heroides," the "Metamorphoses," the "Tristia," or even the "Fasti." Once Ovid is recalled from his exile in the cold north, the stream of his poetry will flow again, unlocked—if Mr. Wright continues to turn the key—from the grip of that winter which froze the beards of the men of Tomi and changed their beverages into stone:

Nor need they jars their liquor to confine;
They do not quaff a cup, they break a bit of wine.

From the opening stanza of Mr. Wright's book the reader settles down comfortably to a poem which is never in any obvious way a translation:

It is by art ships sail the sea,
It is by art that chariots move,
If then unskilled in love you be
Come to my school and learn to love.
In all the process of seduction
This handbook gives you full instruction.

This is Ovid, as all of Mr. Wright's stanzas decidedly are; but it

is as contemporary as Austin Dobson or Ezra Pound. Mr. Wright establishes himself here as a master of light, ironic verse—an exceedingly difficult kind of verse, calling for constant labor and care in cadence and rhyme, yet demanding that both of these be concealed behind an appearance of ease. His rhymes astonish by their ingenuity and at the same time do not irritate by any suspicion of constraint. He introduces the most charming anachronisms without seeming to work them in; modern idioms, proverbs, names light upon the ear with a natural and proper sound:

If all the entrances are blocked,
If at each gate there stands a sentry,
If the front door is safely locked,
Then down the chimney make your entry.
Be bold and every trick essay,
Where there's a window there's a way.

So on through the three portions of this toothsome treatise upon love—the last of its kind in European poetry, and perhaps the best. So on, through directions to the lover as to how to behave at the circus, at the banquet, and in his lady's chamber, and through exhortations to the loved on many a subtle or unsubtle point, to the neatest conclusion a classic, Latin or English, could ask for:

Come now, my swans, from heaven descend,
The car you've drawn its course has run,
Our sportive task has reached its end,
And when love's trophy she has won
Let each maid whisper to her suitor
Ovid to both of us was tutor.

MARK VAN DOREN

Taking Stock

Told by an Idiot. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. \$2.
The Plastic Age. By Percy Marks. The Century Company. \$2.

MISS MACAULAY means the title of her brilliantly executed satire to be taken seriously, but it is with difficulty that she achieves gloom. Through her pages, liberally sprinkled with exploding bombs of wit, she leads one character who bridges the three generations described, who watches with bitter detachment the flux of enthusiasms and absurdities which constitute life, and who ends with Macbeth's words upon her lips. But though one has laughed often the tears do not come, for obviously Miss Macaulay is one of those born satirists who find too much fun in exhibiting human follies ever to regret that man is not more wise. To read the book is to know that, for her, gibing is a sufficient end in itself and that even if God made the world for no other purpose than to make satire possible (and this theory fits the facts as well as any other) she has no real cause for repining. Disillusioned she is, but bitter she only tries to be. "Sad to say," she begins a paragraph, "the earth was, in the year 1880, drenched (as usual) in gore"; and again, speaking of freedom she remarks: "There's one thing about it; each generation of people begins by thinking they've got it for the first time in history, and ends by being sure the generation younger than themselves have too much of it. It can't really always have been increasing at the rate people suppose, or there would be more of it by now." However tragically true these things are, for the person who can state them so jauntily and so wittily, the joy of the phrase more than compensates for the sadness of the fact. What Miss Macaulay gives us is moderately good fiction, competent social history, and superlative wit, but, as for the tragedy, it has about as much chance of coming off as "Hamlet" would have if it were staged in the midst of one of Mr. Pain's most elaborate exhibitions of the pyrotechnic art.

"In the year 1879, Mrs. Garden came briskly into the drawing room from Mr. Garden's study and said in her crisp, even voice to her six children, 'Well, my dears, I have to tell you something. Poor papa has lost his faith again.'" So she begins, and so she continues, sweeping with unfailing wit and gusto

through the years from the time when clergymen were busy reconciling Genesis with geology and a smart Victorian miss said to her outraged mother, "I am a late Victorian and we do what we like," down to the present day, when other smart misses are saying much the same thing. She touches off with burlesque or epigram every familiar type from the painfully liberal-minded clergyman to the latest flapper philosopher, every "movement" from Ruskin to Freud. Whoever wishes to know what the typical contemporary sophisticate thinks of himself and his grandfather will find it here, for "Told by an Idiot" is the History of Our Own Times as seen by that "younger generation" which is just now growing old, and it is a magnificently witty summing up.

Yet in spite of Miss Macaulay's dominant thesis, which is that all times are changing times, all women new women, and every year the end of an epoch, I venture the opinion that her book could not have been written except at the end of a definite literary period. Satire as easy, pointed, and unerring is not achieved on unfamiliar themes and is possible only when the object of attack is definitely recognized by all, and when we can perfect our weapons with a full knowledge of the victim's weak spots. Victorianism is dead—so dead that only an exhibition of skill as superlative as Miss Macaulay's can interest us in seeing it killed again, and if literature is not to become definitely stereotyped some new approach must be found. Perhaps there are choices other than the choice here offered between black despair and satire for satire's sake; perhaps, indeed, Victorian seriousness will come back, though not in the way our conservative friends would hope. Consider, for example, poor papa, in whom "broadmindedness amounted to a disease" and who had "believed much and often." He and his fellows fought battles against terrible monsters of superstition and tradition, losing their livelihoods and their peace of mind in the struggle, and if today the monsters they faced seem but unreal chimeras that is only because they did their job so well. Perhaps we, too, as Miss Macaulay suggests, will seem to our children to have fought with shadows, but to us those shadows are real—real enough to give wounds or draw blood, and that is enough. Life is no less passionate and important because to God (or to our descendants) it is also absurd. Such, at least, is the only faith by which novels can be written.

Mr. Percy Marks is by no means so skilful a workman as Miss Macaulay, but he cultivates a less well-tilled field. Satires on college life which are not of the George Ade variety are new, for only the very youngest of the younger generation caught the anti-Babbittian enthusiasm early enough in their lives to apply its standards to their college careers, although the new genre to which Mr. Marks's book belongs is already recognizable. It is not rash to assume that the author, who is described as an instructor at Brown, is himself not long out of college and more familiar with life and thought within the walls than without them, but he is conscious of other standards and he has brought them to bear upon college life. The picture which he draws in a very literally realistic fashion is not optimistic. On the one side the horde of unawakened barbarians, on the other a group of dry pedants; and seldom do the two meet. Though not very important as literature, "The Plastic Age" is pleasant reading and an interesting document. If Mr. Marks can judge and protest, other young men can too, and the college is not lost.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

Nine of Hearts. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

The short-story writer who plunges too abruptly into the inner psychology of his characters cannot expect to take the reader with him. Miss Mayne knows the deep pools of emotion, but she insists upon diving into them before her reader is prepared for the immersion. One is asked to share her searchings

amid subtleties of action and thought before one has sufficient acquaintance with her people to make the exercise truly rewarding. As a disciple of Henry James, she needs to acquire his qualities of deliberation and detachment.

Injury, Recovery and Death in Relation to Conductivity and Permeability. By W. J. V. Osterhout. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

This is a highly technical biological work which involves some mathematical calculations that may discourage the general reader at the very outset. The work is highly interesting and suggestive to the biologist, however. The experiments described aim to measure accurately such vague terms as injury, recovery, and death, to find an expression in mathematical terms for the general statement that a living thing has suffered a severe or a slight injury, or, conversely, to measure the vitality or resistance of a living organism to untoward conditions. To be sure, these experiments are made only on seaweed, but methods may be devised whereby higher organisms may be tested. The principle discovered by these experiments is that living matter offers greater resistance to the passage of an electric current when perfectly normal than when injured or when its vitality is lowered, as by exposure to a non-fatal dose of a poison.

Together. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

Nothing can be much less rewarding than a travel record which has been conscientiously committed to a book without having first been filtered through an alert and an informed intelligence. When one turns to the narratives of Norman Douglas one can be assured that this cerebral preliminary has been observed. Mr. Douglas does not so much set down what passes in front of his eyes as what passes across his mind; his observations are the source of his impressions, and his impressions the luminous pivot for all manner of philosophy and speculation. There is just enough actual substance in "Together" to form a basis for what the author chooses to contribute out of his ripe intelligence and nimble wit; the whole works up into a pattern which eludes classification in precisely the same degree in which it gives pleasure.

Drama Serpent of Old Nile

THE eighteenth century held Shakespeare to be an inspired barbarian; the romantics invented a sovereign and impeccable master and called that image of their fervid minds Shakespeare. He was neither the one nor the other. His was undoubtedly the highest poetical endowment in history. But his works are not so much ill-built as written in and out of a period that had the architectonic sense of neither antiquity nor modernity; his human psychology is, except at certain famous and transcendent moments, medieval and sins constantly against truth and nature; his style, of an intense and flawless glory at its best, is unsteady, unmastered, never to be counted on. He was, in truth, the victim of a general manner of writing that was nearly as bad as possible. Chaucer is, whatever else he is or is not, a good writer; Dryden is a good writer. The Elizabethans are bad writers—stilted, affected, conceited, obscure. There is no fault of the writer that cannot be illustrated from almost any page of any Elizabethan or Jacobean poet. It were well if these plain facts gained general acceptance and Shakespeare were freed from the idolatry of the schools. We should then, among other things, be spared such melancholy occasions as the performance of "Cymbeline" by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe; Miss Cowl would not venture forth on her Egyptian craft.

It is clear enough what attracted her. Cleopatra is one of Shakespeare's most genuine women. She is extraordinarily

feminine. She is scold and queen, great lady and great courtesan, romantic lover and acrid gossip. And that is much. For, contrary to the general opinion, Shakespeare's women are more unreal than his men. Ophelia, Imogen, Viola on the one hand, Portia and Rosalind on the other, are types of womanhood created by an almost adolescent wish. They are either exquisite simpletons or exquisite hoydens. Juliet is an exception; Cleopatra is another. She is Juliet at thirty. This character, especially in the scenes of scolding and jealousy and frank realism—the scene with the messenger, the scene in which Octavia is discussed—Miss Cowl acts delightfully. She is angry and arch and insinuating; she has a lovely liquidness of aspect and fluidity of gesture. In the famous death scene she is inadequate and bewildered. And so she is in the scene with the dying Antony. She makes little of these high and heroic moments. Perhaps she does not quite feel them. And I admit that it is hard to feel them. They are remote. One wonders if people ever acted thus or if this is but an heroic convention. I strongly suspect the latter to be true. And the writing of the dramatist does not help. Oh, yes, he writes divinely. Here are those incomparable words:

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou movest in! Darkling stand
The varying star o' the world;

Here are those others:

No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

"O si sic omnia!" Alas, they are not. The staple is:

No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.

How forced and frigid that is, how little the speech of any true passion or despair! In the death scene, too, one listens for a half dozen matchless lines and then is "for the dark."

Yet the scenes in which Cleopatra appears, the scenes for the sake of which the production at the Lyceum Theater was undertaken, are by far the most coherent and human of the play. The Roman scenes, whether political, warlike, or festive, are scrappy, disconnected, and wholly lacking in verisimilitude. Shakespeare is, of course, blameless for lacking all sense of historic atmosphere and exactness. It was not of his age. But it was not indeed. These are not Romans; these are neither practical politicians nor warriors. Caesar and Pompey were not ranting euphuists. If this is to be acted, let it be acted as an Elizabethan fantasy. It has nothing to do with atrium or toga or the garb of the legions. No wonder that Mr. Rollo Peters seemed simply an uncomfortable young man with a beard. The emotions were either unreal or thoroughly archaic. The real Antony, we may be sure, didn't think of himself as the "demi-Atlas of the earth," any more than any other first triumphant and then defeated general. Heroic poetry may still be written; the convention of heroic conduct in bed or at board is dead. And when the modesty of nature is constantly offended the players have no choice but to strut and mime until the lights go out.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

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International Relations Section

Russia After Lenin

THE immediate policies of the Soviet Government, following the death of Lenin, are revealed in the following statement by the new chairman of the Council of Peoples' Commissars, A. I. Rykov, published in the Moscow *Izvestia* on February 9:

A great number of correspondents, both Russian and foreign, have wanted to interview me on the subject of my election to the post of chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and the immediate problems of the foreign and internal policies of the U.S.S.R. It would be impossible to talk to the representative of each paper separately and I shall have to limit myself to the following statement:

It seems to me that the representatives of the press are exaggerating the importance of the appointment of one person or another as the head of the Council of People's Commissars in our republic. For more than six years now the decisive and leading force in the Soviet Republic has been the Communist Party, which assumed the leadership in the October Revolution. This party is still in power.

The peoples of the Union have successfully passed through under the direct leadership of Lenin. Further progress will have to consist in continuing, under conditions that are far more favorable than those of the past six years, the policies which have already been defined.

During these six years I have had the opportunity of being one of Lenin's closest aids in his governmental work. It was on the suggestion of Lenin, more than two years ago, that I was appointed to act in his place in the Council of People's Commissars and in the Council of Labor and Defense. During those periods when his health permitted Lenin to do his work in the councils we have worked together. The main task both of myself and of the councils is to continue the policies which have been determined under the guidance of Lenin.

In questions of internal and foreign policy decisions have been recently adopted by the congresses of the soviets of the allied republics and by the Second Congress of the Soviets of the Union. These decisions will define the policies of the Soviet Government in the immediate future. That unanimity which was demonstrated in the voting at the recent congresses of the soviets bears witness to the fact that the policy of the Government enjoys the fullest support of the whole mass of the laboring elements in the U.S.S.R.

In the field of foreign policies these decisions may be summed up as aiming toward the continuation of peace and the strengthening of the position of the Soviet Union among the nations. The Union of Soviet Republics has never coveted foreign territories and does not want to rule other peoples. But the unsettled conditions in contemporary Europe and the instability of the Versailles peace compel the Soviet Government to keep up the fighting force of the Red Army, at present considerably reduced, in order to be prepared against any assaults.

My election to the post of chairman of the Council of People's Commissars coincided with the recognition of our republic on the part of England. This recognition is of the more value to us since it has been one of the first acts of the new British Government and is an expression of the opinion of the English working masses. I would like to see in this act of recognition a disinterested attempt on the part of the present British Government to find new ways to establish peaceful relations between the peoples of Europe and Asia. . . .

Faith in the stability of the Republic of the Soviets of the Workers', Peasants', and Red Army Deputies on the seventh year of the October Revolution has deeply penetrated the consciousness of Western European society. This creates a basis for the success of business negotiations on mutual differences. Those countries which earlier than the others adopted a sober

attitude toward the great revolutionary change in our country have nothing to regret, it seems to me. Our relations with Germany after the treaty of Rapallo have developed with great success and have profited both countries. . . .

The universal sympathy which Soviet Russia enjoys among the peoples of the East and the exceptional popularity of the name of our leader Comrade Lenin among these peoples have been the result of that policy upon which Vladimir Ilyich firmly insisted: disinterested help to and full sympathy with the peoples of the East in their striving for national, cultural, and political regeneration. This policy we shall continue in the future to the fullest extent, and I am certain that it will strengthen our relations with Turkey, China, Persia, Afghanistan, and other nations of the East. In fact, this is only an application to our foreign relations with the nations of the East of that policy of national self-determination which the Soviet Government has always carried out in relation toward the different nationalities composing the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Within the Union the creation of the Council of Nationalities as one of the supreme organs of our Union will serve as a constitutional guaranty for the observance of the interests of those nationalities which have been most oppressed during the whole period of the history of Czarist Russia. . . .

In the field of internal policy our first task is still the re-establishment and development of our economic life, chiefly in the exchange of goods between the city and village. The development of our exports of agricultural products, the organization of agricultural credits, the increase in plowing, and the general regeneration of our agriculture will raise the purchasing power of the main mass of our population—the peasantry—and will thus insure the growth of industry, the increase of employment, and a rise in the wages of the workers. . . . During the immediate future the greatest attention will be centered upon the further improvement of our budget and monetary exchange. The monetary reform adopted by the Second Congress of the Soviets will stabilize the whole exchange of goods within our country.

During the past year our economic life has been considerably revived by our own efforts, without the participation of foreign capital. The improvement in our relations with the Western European Powers (Germany, England, Italy) may quicken this regeneration through the attraction of Western capital, both in the form of loans and concessions. . . .

The economic bond between the city and village, the union of workers and peasants, is the main slogan for our government machinery. In establishing this bond as well as in defining our policies in regard to taxes, credits, cooperatives, and agriculture, it is necessary to help in every way to improve the condition of the poor peasant who suffers on account of his lack of live stock and plowing land.

The Soviet Congress on British Recognition

THE British note tendering de jure recognition to the Soviet Government was received in the Moscow Foreign Office on February 2, at the time when the Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. was in session. On this occasion the congress adopted the following resolution:

After hearing the communication on the full de jure recognition extended the U.S.S.R. by Great Britain and the establishment of full normal diplomatic relations between the two countries, the Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. notes with satisfaction that this historic act was one of the first steps taken by the first government of England brought forth by the working class.

The Workers' and Peasants' Government of the U.S.S.R., which has been generated by the great revolution, put forth as its prime task the struggle for peace, and during all the time of its existence it has striven persistently toward establishment of normal relations with all peoples. Unfortunately, none of the previous governments of Great Britain came forward to meet the advances of the Government of the U.S.S.R. Moreover, in May last the U.S.S.R. was confronted by English diplomacy with an ultimatum which threatened to sever the commercial relations already existing and which created a direct menace to the peace of Europe.

During all this time the working class of England has been a faithful ally of the laboring masses of the U.S.S.R. in their struggle for peace. The peoples of the U.S.S.R. remember the efforts of the working masses of England and of the liberal part of English society directed toward the lifting of the boycott and blockade and the ending of armed intervention. They are well aware of the fact that the present recognition has come as a result of the persistent will of the English people, which demanded the political recognition of the Soviet Government as an indispensable condition for the firm establishment of universal peace, the reconstruction of world economy destroyed by the imperialist war, and, in particular, for the successful struggle against industrial stagnation and unemployment in England itself.

The peaceful policy of the Soviet Government under the leadership of V. I. Lenin, coupled with the loudly proclaimed will of the English people, has finally brought about the establishment of normal relations between the two countries in a form worthy of the great peoples of both countries and has laid down a basis for their friendly cooperation.

In the strained atmosphere of contemporary international relations, which are pregnant with menaces of new world conflicts and which are holding the laboring population of all countries in a state of natural alarm, this step by the English Labor Government acquires especial importance.

The Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. declares that cooperation between the peoples of Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. will remain one of the prime concerns of the Union Soviet Government, which, in accordance with its expressed peaceful policy, will use every effort toward the settlement of all questions of difference and misunderstandings and toward the development and firm establishment of the economic relations so sorely needed for the economic and political progress of the peoples of both countries and of the whole world.

The Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. extends its friendly brotherly hand to the English people and instructs the Union Government to take before the British Government all the necessary steps following from the fact of the recognition of the Soviet Government.

President of the Second Congress
of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R.,

M. KALININ

Secretary of the Second Congress
of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R.,

A. ENUKIDZE

Italy Recognizes Soviet Russia

THE Moscow press on February 9 carried the following official statement issued by the People's Commissariat of Foreign affairs:

Today, February 8, the acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs, M. Litvinov, received the Italian representative, M. Paterno, who informed him of the de jure recognition of the Soviet Government. Afterward M. Paterno sent Commissar Chicherin the following text of the note of Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs Mussolini addressed on February 7 to Commissar Chicherin:

The Teapot Dome investigation is in a sense an echo of the old conservation fight. The oil in the Wyoming Naval Reserve is a drop in the bucket compared with the energy resources of the country at stake in the development of Giant Power from coal-mine to water-fall.

Giant Power

"Giant power" is a term coined to set off from earlier developments the tremendous projects now forecast in the harnessing of tumbling waters, in burning coal at the mine-mouth and in organizing great interlocking schemes of power transmission.

THE projects raise grave questions of government control, private and public, state and national; questions of monopoly, of offsetting the needs of small consumers and large, the rise or dwindling of great industrial districts. They raise also great human questions.

We know how the common life was upset by the uncontrolled advent of steam-power and the factory system it ushered in. Does Giant Electric Power lift up the hope of overcoming much misery and capturing new leisure, a hope especially of spreading out production, of a recovered village life capable of meeting the cities on even terms?

AMONG the contributors to this issue, brought together by Robert W. Bruère, are Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Governor Smith of New York, Joseph Hyde Pratt, director of the North Carolina Geological Economic Survey, Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, Morris L. Cooke, director of Pennsylvania's Giant Power Survey, and an interview with Secretary Hoover by William Hard.

Henry Ford

is doing something on the River Rouge in the way of water power development which is uneconomic as yet—but it is fascinating. It is the play of a big man with a little river.

FORD began in his boyhood with a water-wheel on the same stream. Now there is the tremendous River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company in the Detroit suburbs. Further up the river there is Ford's own home at Dearborn with Dam No. 1 and his pond stocked with fish. Above, the stream grows smaller and here and there on old mill sites, some of them unused for half a century, Henry Ford is putting up new dams, modern turbines and small factory buildings. To these he is transferring tiny departments from his great Highland Park plant.

Whatever else can be said about Ford, he clings to an idea until he has squeezed it dry.

An interview with Henry Ford on his River Rouge Experiment will be just one of the features of the special number of Survey Graphic on Giant Power.

Survey Graphic

is full of original, first-hand articles on the most interesting subjects of our time and of "pictures of men as they are." Among its contributors are James Harvey Robinson, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Edward T. Devine, Francis Hackett, Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

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M. PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR:

You know that ever since I took the government into my hands it has been my desire to accomplish the reestablishment of political relations between the two countries, considering these of great importance both in the interests of the two countries as well as in the general interests of Europe.

I am therefore gratified that the Italo-Russian commercial treaty has been signed today. I am happy to inform you on this occasion that in accordance with the statement made in my speech of November 30, 1923, before the Chamber of Deputies and in my speech at the close of the conference on the afore-named treaty which took place January 31, 1924, since the treaty has been shaped I consider the question of the de jure recognition of the Government of the U.S.S.R. by Italy as settled.

The Italian Government has therefore given an unreserved order to appoint a royal ambassador to the Government of the Union and it therefore considers that from this day, February 7, 1924, the political relations between the two countries are finally and firmly established.

I am certain that this day may be marked as the beginning of a new and fruitful era of cooperation between the two states in their mutual interests and I ask you, M. People's Commissar, to accept my deepest respect.

MUSSOLINI

The Bulgarian Reaction

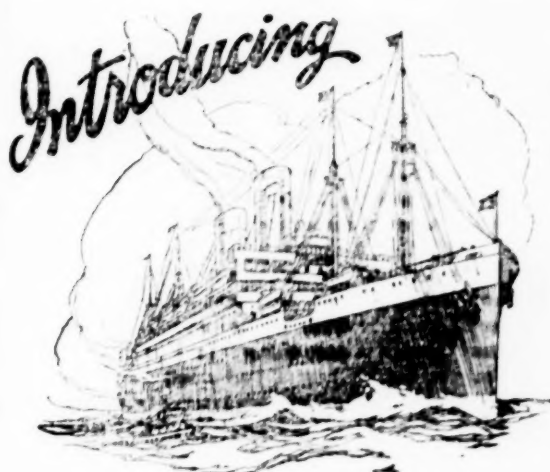
THE right of asylum for political refugees is in imminent danger of being violated by the Turkish Government in connection with the Bulgarian refugees who crossed the border after the failure of the September uprising against the military dictatorship now ruling Bulgaria. The Turkish Government has threatened to accede to the demand of the Bulgarian Government to deliver these refugees up to Bulgarian justice on the ground that the refugees are not political but common offenders. In protest against this intention, the Bulgarian Foreign Aid Committee, organized in Vienna on behalf of the victims of the uprisings in Bulgaria of June and September, has issued the following manifesto:

The disregard by the Turkish Government of the right of asylum for political emigrants (which is recognized by all civilized countries) cannot be justified on the ground that the Bulgarian Government claims that in this case the offenders are not political but common offenders. There is no need to prove to a neighboring country like Turkey that the Bulgarian refugees there—workers, peasants, and intellectuals—are no common offenders but courageous sons of the people, who rebelled in September of this year against the usurpers governing Bulgaria, and who fought and will continue to fight for national independence, for peaceful relations with its neighbors, and for freedom. The Government of New Turkey, many members and workers of which were often forced under the old regime to seek asylum in other countries, can easily understand what the refusal of this right would mean for the refugees.

The Bulgarian Foreign Aid Committee voices its protest to the Turkish Government as well as to public opinion throughout Europe against the attempt to deliver into the hands of their executioners those who took part in the September uprising in Bulgaria and who are now on Turkish soil. It expects the Turkish Government immediately to withdraw its order and extend the right of asylum to the Bulgarian refugees or give them the opportunity to go to Russia, where the people will welcome them with open arms and brotherly sympathy.

Following is a letter written by the Priest Athanas in Kritschin, Bulgaria, to his student son in Austria:

On October 1 Boris Gentshev, student of medicine in Gratz



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(Austria), came to our village with his brother, Ivan Gentshev, an officer. Fifteen cutthroats from Philipopol met them here. All day long this gang drank with the Gentshev brothers in Felo Popov's house and continually threatened that when they were through with drinking wine they would drink blood. Toward 7 p.m. they loaded thirteen peasants, among them your brother Petko, upon a truck and drove them to Philipopol. We begged them to transport the men during the day, but were ordered to keep quiet at the points of bayonets. The commandant forbade anyone to leave the village and the truck drove off to the accompaniment of the screams and cries of the children.

Days went by and we knew nothing of the fate of the arrested men until this terrible news came: When the truck arrived near the mill between Kurtev and Kara-Kai, the chauffeur said that there was something wrong with the motor; that he could not proceed. The ruffians cried out: "That fat one should get off." Your brother was torn from the truck and tortured and maltreated in the most frightful manner. After they stabbed him fifty times with a knife, they crushed his head. Nikola was killed in the same manner. The rest of them fled, but three of them were shot. This sad news soon spread and put the whole village into a state of great agitation. At 7 p.m. the truck was returned with the naked, mutilated corpses. The commandant ordered us to have them dressed by 8 o'clock the following morning. At 3 o'clock the funeral took place. The investigation committee we asked for did not materialize.

When you get this letter, write immediately to your brother in America that he should give the facts to the newspapers. Do everything you can to give these facts the widest publicity in the German and English press. The whole world should know that Bulgaria is being ruled by beasts. Real human beings are living in Western Europe who will understand our cry for help. They will hear the crying of thousands of children who will have neither home nor bread when winter comes. In the name of thousands of parents, widows, and orphans, in the name of the whole people, we demand that our Government be brought to account for causing innocent blood to flow.

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